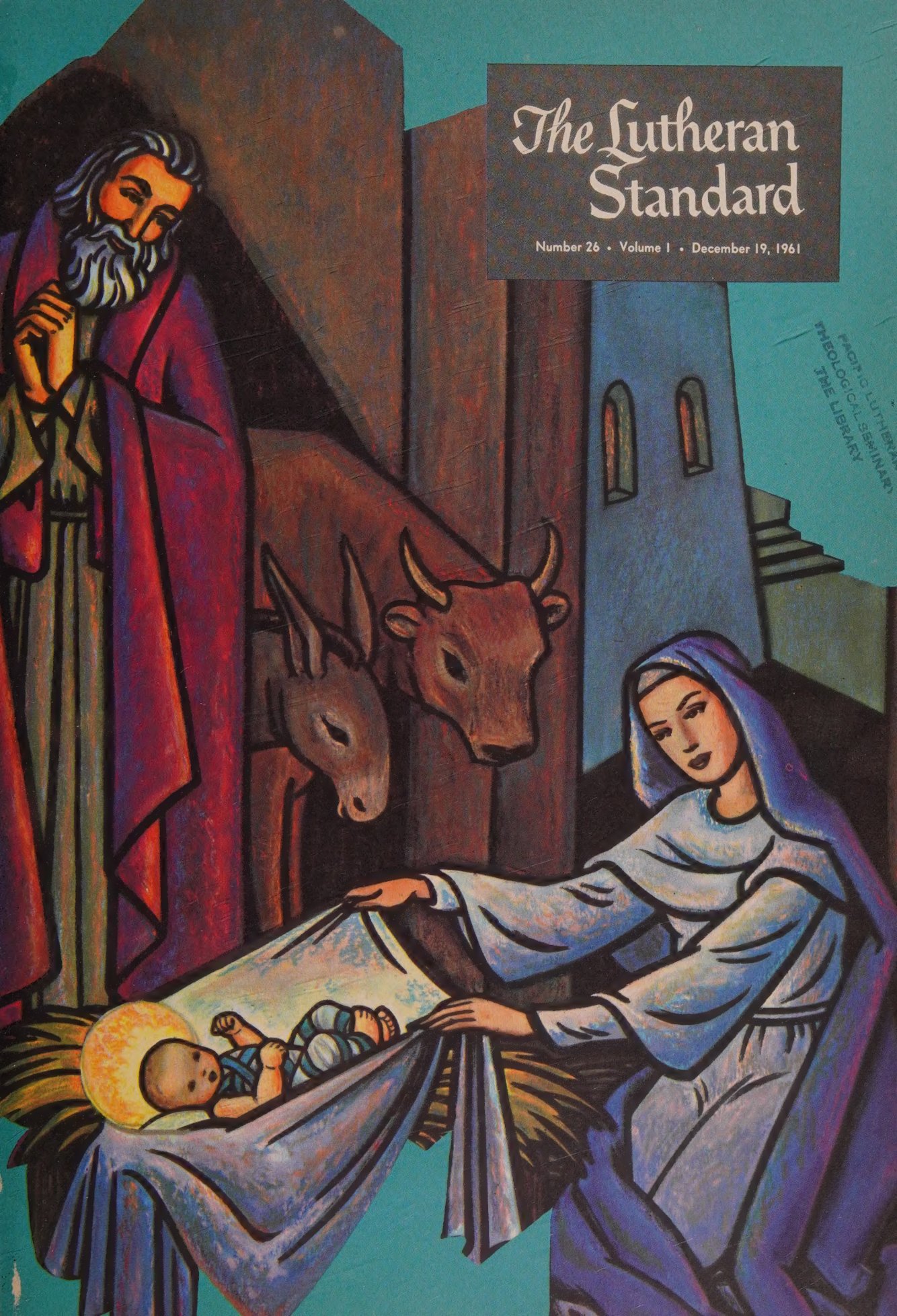

The Lutheran Standard

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PACIFIC LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY THE LIBRARY

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE

The Lutheran Standard

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LUTHERAN CHURCH

Volume 1 DECEMBER 19, 1961 Number 26

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About This Issue...

A housewife, a medical doctor, an English professo a free-lance writer, and a Lutheran clergyman ha written the features that comprise this Christmas issu The contents include two pieces of Christmas fiction, page of poetry, an article on some of our Christm carols, a description of Bethlehem, and the account an ALC congregation in California that annually enacts the events that took place at Bethlehem nea 2,000 years ago.

Since this year marks the 200th anniversary of t birth of a well-known missionary to India, Willia Carey, the STANDARD pays tribute to this Baptist m sionary by the publication of "I Can Plod" (page 7). 1956 the 250th anniversary of the arrival of the fi Lutheran missionaries in India was observed.

About the Next Issue . . .

The next issue of THE LUTHERAN STANDARD will ma the beginning of its second year of publication as well the second year of the ALC's life. In observance of t first anniversary the next issue of the STANDARD will clude a six-page feature analyzing the first year of t church's activity.

Also featured in the next issue will be a challeng call to personal, spiritual examination at the beginn of a new year. In a message entitled "Only the Dis plined," Dr. Raymond M. Olson calls for a new sense discipline in carrying out the work of the Lord.

Free Index Available

An index of the first year's issues of THE LUTHERAN STANDARD is in preparation and will be avail able for distribution in January. This index will list the contents of the 1961 issues according to title of articles, author, and subject. A *free* copy will be sent to any subscriber who requests one. Send your request to THE LUTHERAN STANDARD, 426 South Fifth Street, Minneapolis 4, Minn.

The cover is a painting by Sada Jones and was taken from one of the Christmas annuals, published by Augsburg Publishing House.

fictionalized account of actual happenings

The Lintel Cross

By Mela Meisner Lindsay

THE BOY ACHMET, son of the Bethlehem Arab, Noel Tabari, shivered in the raw morning wind he brought the family goat in to milk. Plagued a nagging thought he shivered again, and drew e mantle about his slender body. His young brow rrowed beneath the white Kuffiy.

"Tomorrow will be my own first Christmas," he oke out loud, prodding the cantankerous goat th a stick, "and what have I to offer the Christ ild?"

A deep sigh escaped his lips and mingled with e blatting cry of the difficult goat. Why could he t have a gift for the Savior?

Achmet had in mind that he would offer two ings, both exceedingly hard to do. One was to ing his father to the Christian faith—even as he nself had been converted. The other, to have a ss hung over the lintel of the door to identify the usehold as being Christian, like most of the other mes in modern-day Bethlehem.

Yesterday, while he and other boys and ls had sat on their benches in the mission ool, their teacher had told them that the n of God was worthy of the very best gift oy or girl had to offer. Achmet had thought would be easy. But it was far from easy.

True, a cross should have been the easiest all things for Achmet to come by, since his her made many of them. His father was el Tabari, the eminent metalsmith, whose venirs were a major part of Bethlehem's rist trade.

But Achmet did not want just any kind of ss. He wanted a cross fashioned with a rpose—by loving hands.

As for bringing his father to faith in Jesus, t, too, should have been easy, since the ab father already bore a Christian name.

Achmet had tried time and again to bring father to faith. A glimmer of hope had him to the task. Returning one day from le study at the mission, he had found the her in a genial mood.

"My son," he had said, "let me hear thee g. The story in song brings thoughts of my ldhood and of her who was my mother."

But now that the most blessed of all days s approaching and the old wound of Christmas remembrance had re-opened, his father suddenly refused to listen.

Achmet winced with pain at the memory of his failures. He looked ahead, where pastel houses hugged the hillside, and saw the sun's early glow cast an arc over the town. Not only did light-rays strike fire in the crosses atop houses of worship, but also in those over the threshold of private homes. It seemed to Achmet that every home in Bethlehem bore a cross—except his own!

"Come, Bashra," he spoke to the goat. "I will again ask my father to consent."

He sighed as he reached for the door to bring the goat inside the house. The quick staccato of sharp hoofs against the stone floor caused Noel to look up from his work.

"Ay, my son," he spoke easily, "it is good to be early. A busy day is at hand. Soon Christian tourists will clamor over meaningless keepsakes."

"Please, my father, do not say meaningless." Achmet objected, his heart leadened with grief.

"Ho! Do I not speak truth?" Noel parried. "Was it not because of thy precious holiday that my mother died, homeless and destitute? Did not so-called Christians turn her away from the hospital in Jerusalem, when, in her hour, she pleaded for help? And why?" He paused, and added bitterly, "Because it is the custom of Christian workers to take time off to go caroling in Shepherds' Field. . . ."

Achmet dared to interrupt. "And yet, a Christian woman finding thee by the wayside had mercy enough to take thee in," he said, his voice thick with emotion. "Thou hast spoken of her love."

The words caused Noel Tabari to falter for a moment, then ire prevailed.

"It is of little consequence," he retorted. "Have I not, as always, remained an Islamite?"

"As a child, at her knee, thou didst enjoy reading stories of the Bible," Achmet reminded quietly.

"Then I was a fool," the father said derisively. "There is but one thing I remember—that the festive day also took thy mother. I tell thee, aside from being a livelihood, the day is evil."

"No, no," cried Achmet, "it is a day of love!"

Noel Tabari had no quarrel with his son; the lad was all the family left him. It was the irksome day and Achmet's stubborn persistence that un-nerved him. Turning back to his work he held up the cross he was fashioning and smiled his most engaging Arab smile. The cross, embellished with silver, caught and held the light a hundredfold.

"Ei," he marveled, "what can be more glorious than this—my masterpiece!"

Achmet gazed at its glitter. "The love of Jesus can be more glorious," he said simply, feeling a sudden, great loneliness. "That, and a cross over the threshold."

Achmet saw his father's body stiffen instantly; saw dark fire glint in his Arab eyes.

"Wilt thou never cease talking of a lintel cross?" he demanded.

The rebuke locked Achmet's voice inside of him, exceedingly painful. He had failed again. Now his father was angry with him and he had not even asked.

Silent, he knelt down to milk. "Dear Jesus," he prayed, pressing his face against the soft, quavering flank of the goat, "help me not be afraid."

At last courage, bolstered by the resonant force of milk streaming into the empty vessel, spoke for him.

"My father," it said, "wilt thou not even now change thy mind and accept the Christ Child?"

"It is enough!" Noel Tabari stormed, his eyes bright with rage. "Nor say any more of a lintel cross."

Sobbing as though his heart would break, Achmet stumbled out of the house, to spend the day as best he knew how.

Putting aside the task of leading the goat out to pasture, he first sought the friendly company of the missionary teacher. Perhaps there he would find a solution. But when the *curé* could not be found Achmet, the goat still in tow, struggled his way back through the narrow, compact streets already thronged with pilgrims, until he reached the open road.

But here, too, the winding avenue teemed with every kind of humanity, every mode of travel going in and out of the city. Achmet made his way past kindred tribesmen dressed in their best mantles and head gear, mounted on spirited horses; past camel trains; past peasants leading burden-packed donkeys; past paupers dressed in rags shuffling by on bare feet. He met scholars dressed in casual clothes; sight-seers from far-away lands, visiting the Holy Land. Here walked silent monks, two-by-two, in somber robes of black and brown. And everywhere, interlacing the flow of traffic with terrible sound and speed, were foreign-made motorized vehicles, of every conceivable make and age.

Filled with longing to serve his Savior and not knowing how, Achmet roamed down through the valley to the tomb where Rachel, the wife of Jacob, lay buried. He stood at the place where in a burst of light the Angel of the Lord appeared to proclaim to sleeping shepherds the glorious birth of Christ! And even beyond, to the well of the Magi where tradition says the Wise Men bearing gifts to the new-born King stopped to water their camels and to tent for the night. At last he came to Bethlehem Knoll where the beautiful painting "Christ the Light of the World" was enshrined.

Keenly aware of his failures, Achmet stood and gazed at the paintin of Jesus, so lifelike, lantern in han knocking at the door. And he wishe with all his heart that it were th door leading to the heart and soul his father.

After the evening milking Achm watched silently as his father cho various souvenirs to take to the ma ket place. The cross with the intrica design remained on the shelf, to l finished later.

"Eat, my son," Noel Tabari spok as to one who had been hurt b would soon forget. "There is plen of good *keddar*.* Eat! I will be ba later."

Left alone with the milch go Achmet did not feel like eating. H thought only of the morrow, when would have to say he had no gift all.

Shame smarted his eyes when surveyed the work area where cross were made, but not one for the Sa ior. He looked at the forge; the wo bench with its many tools, the ma rials his father used, woods, bo cedar and olive; metal; the finest filigree; mother-of-pearl. And thought struck him. Why could not make a cross of his own?

Jumping to his feet he went dire ly to the workbench. But the go never one to be left behind, stopp at the open forge. She nuzzled t bed of gray coals and puffed ash over its side.

"Bashra," the boy scolded, "m thou always make trouble?"

Achmet picked up a chisel a tested its sharpness. His heart gave glad lift.

"With this, and the right kind wood, I cannot fail," he said, co dent that he could make a cross.

Selecting the piece of wood could work, Achmet sliced away c curling chip after another until crude cross took shape. If he hurri he could have it finished before father returned.

"Another gouge here—and her he thought, digging the blade deep and deeper, pressing downward a outward on a slant.

Then, of a sudden, it happened. cry of pain escaped his lips. A sla of red appeared on his left ha Bashra, desiring attention, had butt him, causing the sharp blade to sl

The fast flow of blood sicken Achmet. His stomach felt queasy.

*Dried buttermilk mixed with melted bu and dates.

vild ringing came in his ears. Then ne light faded from before his eyes, nd Achmet's thoughts were sealed n unconsciousness.

Noel Tabari returned home a few ioments later. When he found Achiet slumped on the floor and saw the id's futile attempt at making a cross, is heart was wrenched. Christmas me had claimed his mother and the oy's mother—was it now also going o claim his son?

Swiftly, yet tenderly, he gathered ne child in his arms and carried him o the hospital. When he learned that ne wound was not serious and that chmet could go home on the morow, Noel stood by the window and ooking up into the star-filled heaven, nanked God for leaving him, a non-Christian, the one thing left for him o love.

Achmet awoke as the rising sun treamed in the window. It was Christmas morning!

Tears smarted in his eyes and rimmed over. Turning his face he aw the father standing by his bedde, ready to take him home.

"I grieve," Achmet said weeping itterly, "because I have no gift for ny Savior."

Noel Tabari leaned over to stroke ne raven locks, wet with tears. But ne stricken lad would not be comorted.

"I cannot understand such a faith such a love," the father said softly. And yet," he added pondering aloud, ast night, in anguish, I too felt the xpress need of offering a gift." His noulders made a shrug. "Come. Let s go home."

The stone path led down to their ome. Drawing near, Achmet lifted s eyes and caught the glint of a oss on the lintel of the door. The oss was his father's most treasured asterpiece—capable of bringing 1500 *utahs!*

"O my father," he cried, a splendid y lighting his eyes, "thou didst—ou *didst* consent, to hang the lintel oss!"

Then running forward on glad feet, chmet fell to his knees beneath the oss. Noel Tabari came to stand beide him.

"Son," he said, "I know not God's ill. Wilt thou ask him to lead me?"

"Ay, better than that," the boy id, "Come, kneel beside me. We ill ask him, together!"

Mrs. Lindsay is a housewife and free lance writer in Denver, Colo.

MUSICAL BIAS . . . . By Karl A. Olsson

I have an old and deeply-rooted prejudice in favor of Georg Friedrich Händel. If I have a musical preference worth talking about, it is for his music. I once confessed this subjective judgment to a friend whose erudition I trust. It was a mistake. He looked down at me along his finely chiselled nose and said quite simply but with deadly effect, "Then you really don't know Bach." I had to confess that I did not. Nor did I really know Händel. I like Händel not because I know him but because I trust him. He has never let me down musically.

BREAD AND WATER MUSIC

The first serious encounter with Händel's music came during the late 30s when we were still "depressed." We had managed to buy a rudimentary turntable as a familial Christmas present. It cost 11 dollars. You could attach this mournful little box to a table radio, and we had such a radio from the previous Christmas. Cost—16 dollars. (We made that by getting everybody to ditch the conventional presents and concentrate on this one mountainous outlay.)

In any event, one of our very first 78 RPM records was a truncated version of Händel's "Water Music Suite." Together with Brahms' "Second" and his "Variations on a Theme from Haydn" and a horribly executed Schubert recording, the Händel was our musical entertainment during days when we could afford neither a car nor carfare, and most people entertained in Spartan simplicity. I am thankful for Händel because he brightened the gray days of our austerity with the sparkle of the Thames and his incomparable French horns.

BOOT OF THE WARRIOR

The second crucial encounter with Händel came a few years later. We had been down in the Hardy country in Dorset in the bitter fall days of 1944. One November Sunday we had crossed Egdon Heath and had seen the dying winter sun sink into the immensity of the furze. And we had encountered on that desolate road a line of olive-green jeeps and half-tracks and 2½ ton trucks bound for the channel ports. It was the ill-fated 106th Division on its way to war. I can still remember the faces turned toward the southern sea: the stony sad young faces. Like E. A. Robinson's "Man Against the Sky": "As if he were some last god going home unto his last desire."

From that day until our own, a week or so later, I lived with the faces I had seen on Egdon Heath. Life seemed tinged with Hardyesque gloom. It was at once irrational and pre-determined, and all of us appeared in that pseudo-Greek pattern of fate and foreboding as nothing but puppets in twill coveralls being manipulated over oblivion. Until one day I saw quite by accident on a gray wall in Salisbury a handbill announcing that on a certain Sunday in Advent Händel's *Messiah* would be sung in the cathedral. From that moment heaven was rent, and memories of airs and recitatives and choral thunder poured over me in a sad and joyous counterpoint. Things were bad, very bad indeed, but now not finally bad.

KING OF KINGS

I have just come from a college rendition of the *Messiah*. It was sung by red-cheeked boys and girls who do not remember what we remember. Indeed, why should they? They will have their own Egdon Heath to cross. But as I heard them sing the great affirmation "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords" I found myself stirred to thankfulness that no king reigns forever. Only He reigns. The rest of us: graying kings and tiring prelates, straw bosses and big bosses, village justices and postmasters and bureaucrats and petty officials can cast down our tarnished crowns when our sad little pageant is over.

And he will reign. He will straighten out what we succeeded only in fouling up. And he will wipe away our tears. Not only our baby tears but our old man tears: our tears of self-distrust and self-pity. And he shall reign forever and ever. I trust Händel to tell me that.

From the President

New Proposal for Lutheran Cooperation

THE LUTHERAN STANDARD for Nov. 21 carried a news story on the discussions between representatives of the National Lutheran Council and the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod. There have been three meetings during the last 18 months. The discussions led to unanimous agreement about a set of *Principles* governing proposed cooperation between the American Lutheran Church, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, and the bodies organizing the Lutheran Church in America.

These *Principles* will be submitted to the respective churches for approval at their general conventions in 1962. If they are approved, their acceptance will be authorization for the preparation of a constitution and bylaws for an organization that will be a successor to the National Lutheran Council. The constitution and bylaws would then be reported to the prospective participating churches for action at their respective conventions in 1964 and 1965.

Dr. Schiotz

The National Lutheran Council has been an organization that has provided opportunity for cooperation in practical matters. The *Principles* for the new prospective organization would go beyond the practical and provide for study looking toward pulpit and altar fellowship. Thus the long cherished desire of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod for free conferences that might address themselves to a study of the Scriptures and their theological application to the issues of the day will be satisfied.

No one could have wished for a finer spirit than that which God gave us in these discussions. It was patent to all who participated that this was fruit of the Holy Spirit's work. In this confidence let us all pray that we may be given this same Spirit's direction as our respective conventions give consideration to the *Statement of Principles.*

* * *

From time to time I have heard people ask questions about the propriety of the American Lutheran Church's organizing a congregation for Americans in Oslo, Norway, and Copenhagen, Denmark.

These questions and others are well meant. They issue from a wholesome concern that Americans should not live as strangers while they are away from home. But a little projection of the imagination provides helpful understanding of the need tha has called this work into being.

Since World War II Americans have been livin abroad in large numbers. These people are goverr ment servants, military personnel, students, bus ness people, and tourists. The tourists are transient —one-Sunday visitors—and most of the others ar abroad for relatively short service periods. This pro vides little opportunity for other than a very lim ited knowledge of the language. And in the fiel of worship a thorough knowledge of the language most essential. God reaches the soul in its variou moods through the words that have been know from childhood.

Last summer when I visited the congregation i Oslo, an American family spoke about the congrega tion's work with enthusiastic appreciation. They ha wondered how their children would take to Norwe gian public schools. It wasn't easy, but the Sunda school interlude in English had been a life-saver. gave the children a feeling of at-homeness that sen them back to the week-day schools in Norwegia with new zest.

The congregation in Oslo provides full membe ship for Lutherans, but only associate membershi for non-Lutherans. In conversation with an Amer can professor who is a member of the Presbyteria Church, I inquired how he felt about the fact th he, as a Presbyterian, could be only an associa member in the congregation. Immediately, he r plied that this arrangement pleased him. It gav him an opportunity to participate in the life of th congregation in Oslo without feeling that he ha turned away from his church back home.

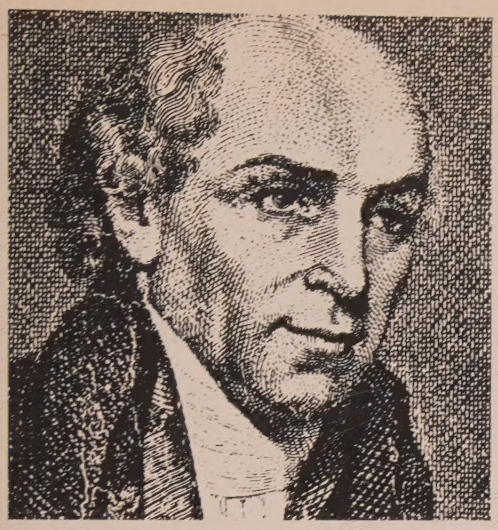
Before the congregation was established in No way, and now recently in Copenhagen, Dr. Phil Dybvig, the executive director of the Division American Missions, had extended conversations wi representatives of the churches of Norway and De mark. In each instance the church representativ were most helpful. In my conversations with the I find that they are glad this work has been esta lished.

In this ministry to Americans away from hom the Gospel has reached some who remained obtu to it when they were at home: going away becan a means to coming Home!

* * *

I am writing this while en route to the Thi Assembly of the World Council of Churches at Ne Delhi, India. On the way three traveling companio and I invested four days in Jordan and Israel. Th is not an occasion for submitting a travelogue. B once again, this land where our Lord walked whi he was here on earth warmed my heart anew wi the glory of the redemption story. When your ov heart has been warmed, you feel warmly towa others. And therefore a blessed Christmas to readers of THE LUTHERAN STANDARD.

FREDRIK A. SCHIOTZ



"I CAN PLOD"

By J. B. Friberg

THE year of our Lord 1961 marks the 200th anniversary of the birth f one of the most remarkable men ver to have lived. Within the con- nes of his prematurely-bald scalp Villiam Carey housed a massive intel- ect. Originally satisfied with the me- ial tasks of a small town cobbler, e later burst forth in such a blaze f industry that before he was buried n India at the age of 73 he and his mmediate missionary associates had ranslated the entire Bible into six)riental languages, the New Testa- ient into 21 other languages and dia- ects, and smaller parts of the Bible nto 7 more dialects. For 34 years he abored in fever-infested India with- ut a single leave or furlough.

When in his old age Carey was sked the secret of his remarkable ac- omplishments the answer was de- ghtfully simple: "I can plod. I can ersevere in any definite pursuit. To his I owe everything."

Carey was born into a humble eaver's cottage and himself became shoemaker by trade. To support his nall family from the cobbler's bench as difficult, so to lessen the load, oung Carey began teaching school o. His early contact with books rought out his linguistic bent. Before e was 24 he was vigorously involved the study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, alian, Dutch, and French.

The accounts of the celebrated Eng- sh explorer, James Cook, had a pro- und influence on him and aroused is interest in far-off places. To keep ie world before his eyes he procured large map which he hung on the all of his shoe shop. On it he put ertinent facts of people and places om all over the world.

While he cobbled Northamptonshire shoes, he read, studied, and dreamed —and plodded. Whereas earlier his life was uneasy in doubt and sin, the warmth of the Gospel dispelled the gloom, and he found forgiveness and peace. Presently his gifts became apparent to his neighbors, who now asked him to preach in their simple meeting halls. He was ordained into the Baptist ministry at the age of 26.

Five years later he wrote what is considered by many to be the "most convincing missionary appeal" ever written. It is entitled, "An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to Use Means for the Conversion of the Heathen. In which the religious state of the different nations of the world, the success of former undertakings, and the practicability of further undertakings, are considered, by William Carey."

The author himself felt the full force of its logic and presently offered to go to India. But a sending agency had to stand back of any new recruits, so the Baptist Missionary Society came into being. At the meeting at which the society was organized, Carey, now 31, short, thin, a bit stooped, and bald (but wearing a poorly-fitting wig) preached. During his sermon he made the statement that has inspired thousands: "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."

The India of 1793 to which Carey came was not the reasonably safe mission field of today. Life was hard, dangerous, and vastly unpredictable. A close-knit, feudalistic, government-chartered East India Company ruled with a rod of iron and would have nothing to do with the Gospel light, and even frowned upon efforts at moral, cultural, and educational betterment of the miserable populace.

But the light had to come, and its hottest point of focus and impact was at Serampore, near Calcutta, where Messrs. Carey, Marsham, and Ward labored under the beneficent rule of the local Dutch governor. From the Serampore press poured forth a stream of Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and books.

Life was no bed of sweetly-scented roses, however. The poor health of Carey's family—the first of three wives died insane—the stiff opposition of the early governor generals, the laziness of some younger missionaries, and the tragic loss by fire of much of the Serampore printing presses—these but challenged Carey to prove his secret: "I can plod."

Later on his greatness was recognized by many. An American university honored him with a doctorate—rare in those days; a distinguished professorship in Oriental languages in a Calcutta college came his way; and his financial situation improved. When Alexander Duff once complimented Carey on his accomplishments, Carey retorted—in an utterly gentlemanly fashion, I suppose—that he should not talk about Carey, but rather about Carey's Savior.

Like Joshua, who brought Israel from the wilderness into the land flowing with milk and honey, Carey brought many of India's sons into a land of a brighter inheritance in Christ through the simple secret of a great life: "I can plod."

Dr. Friberg, who comes from a missionary family, has a medical practice in Minneapolis.

Shepherds
Friends of heaven's stars
Trace the herdsman and the lion
And the dragon as they slowly cross the sky
With the changing of the seasons

One night see glory in the skies!

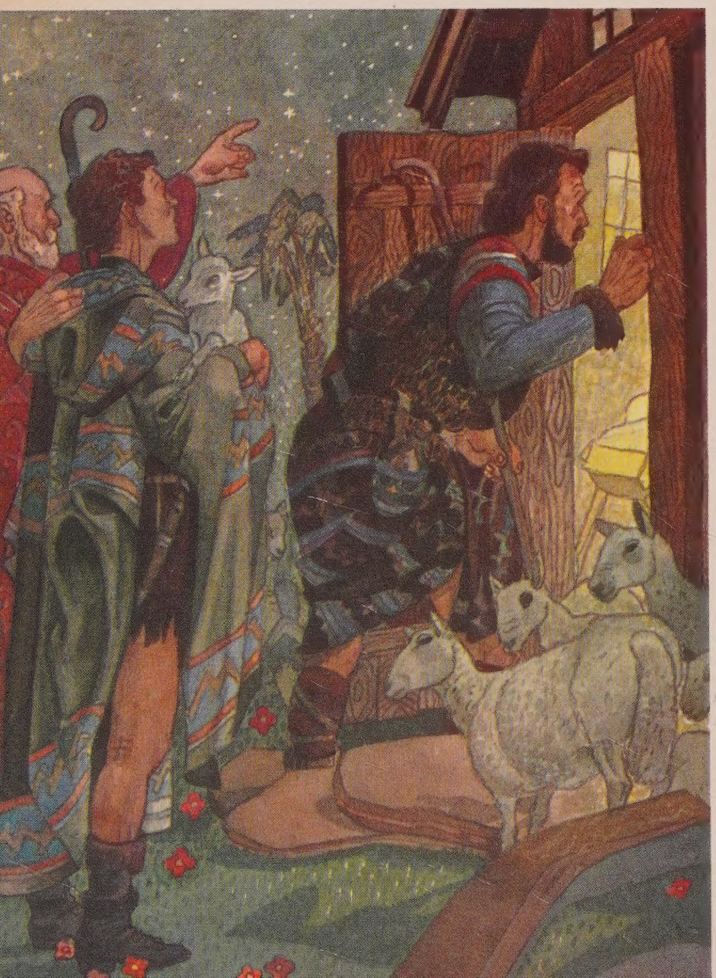
Comet, nova, conjunction of planets
Star of Bethlehem
Lit by the Father when the worlds began to be

Angels sing
Light-blinded shepherds walk run stumble
Always to the light
To the star that comes that reaches out
Since the worlds began

And reveals the Sacred Face
Evermore and evermore

Carol H. Lokken

And they came with haste . . .

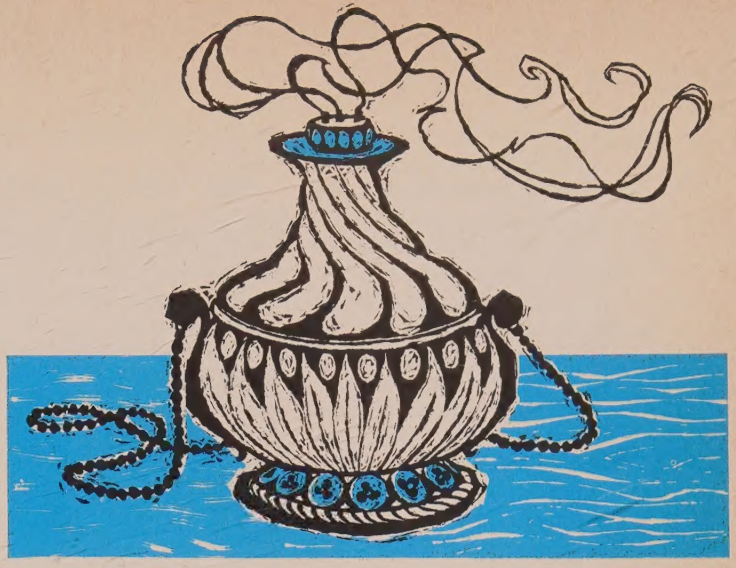


The shepherds had no gift to bring
The Child, yet had they known
That he had come, one would have brought
A cherished glistening stone,
And one a four leaf clover, pressed,
And one a hoarded scent
Of pennyroyal bruised for long
To carry as they went
To Bethlehem . . . but these small gifts
Quite precious in their sight
Were back at home, they could not bring
Them to the Child that night.

Yet had they done so, who can doubt
He would have reached to hold
The glistening stone, the quivering leaf
Before he sought the gold
Brought by the three kings from afar . . .
Oh, may our spirits lift
Knowing that he will not despise
Our simplest, humblest gifts.

Grace Noll Crowell

A Pinch of Frankincense



By George Dell

WAITING at the station, Gunnar Carlson was suddenly conscious hat it was beastly cold. There was a ort of frozen fog in the air, through vhich the lamps along Smith street ooked like woven birdnests. He ooked at his old gold watch; it was lready 6:31. The 6:27 hadn't been n time in the last 10 years. Feeling he numbness in his feet, he began to nove up and down the icy platform. The old frostbites suffered out on the Dakota prairies gave him trouble very winter.

For some reason he couldn't put is finger on, he felt depressed. He had become increasingly so in the last months—perhaps years. It might be ge—he was 52. Not even the Christnas season seemed able to brighten is mood. Driving down to the staion, he had seen the blaze of the own with only a dim awareness, and vith no lift in spirits. The kids would e back from college, Hubert tonight, nd Marilyn tomorrow. He and Erika vere well. They lived on the Hill, ate igh on the hog. Whatever clutter nd loot they desired from the world hey had—had had for the last 20 ears. They had friends. Business was ood. Only . . .

The yellow headlight of Hubert's rain began to probe past the ele-ators. Hubert had flown from New ork to Chicago, but had wired that ll local flights were cancelled. Just s well, thought Gunnar; it was a long vay out to the airport. He moved utomatically down the platform toward the alighting passengers. Somehow he didn't much care that Hubert was home. Too much noise, liquor, oo many parties. It was always a reief when the kids went back to college.

Gunnar looked hard at his son as the car snaked down Main Street. The boy was slack-faced; there was little of the old Dakota strain in him. And too breezy, too loud. At least he had been at first. Now they both sat rather glum, strangers to each other. It would be better when they got home —Erika seemed more aware of what youngsters talked about.

"You feel loaded this year, Pater, old boy?"

Gunnar winced and didn't answer. "I've still got my checkbook in my pocket, if that's what you mean," he said finally. "Why? Something you need?"

"Need, no! Want, yes! It's Christmas, isn't it? Time the Magi put in their appearance."

Gunnar's eyes took in the milling crowds at the intersection of Main and Broad. Too many of the people too poorly protected against the cold. Women with kids hanging onto their arms and coats, some of the youngsters crying, their tears frozen on their faces.

"What is it you want, Hube?" he asked wearily. It seemed like someone else's voice; he wasn't interested.

Hubert seemed not to notice the disinterest. "Want to know what I really want?" he asked brightly. "I want a Jag. Yellow. Or maybe red. They only cost a few grand--you won't miss the money. You dealers don't pay mark-up to each other."

Gunnar acknowledged the truth of the logic. But another car, to add to the hardtop Hubert had put up for the winter and the convertible he had driven east. And Marilyn's two. And Erika's, and his own. Six in all now—seven if he bought Hubert another. And out there on Main Street the prairie people, their children screaming. Merciful heaven!

It hadn't always been this way. He had inherited his dad's harness and leather shop back in the late 20s, and had had sense enough to sell it and pick up a car agency, only to run smack into the depression. They had almost starved, Erika and he, in a rundown clapboard house on Chalmers Street. They had been relatively happy at that, but had had to delay the thought of children until things got better. And things hadn't been too much better until the late 30s.

After that, they were almost too good. The money rolled with the wheat, and the new war helped along the golden flood of both. It was house after house, each one of them better than the last, always with new and better furniture. Servants, parties, wardrobes, beauty parlors, nurses, and private tutors for the kids. Erika was ambitious—she had managed the unending climb to the Hill. They had been there a long time now.

"Well, what about it, old man?"

"What about what?" Gunnar really didn't remember what Hubert was talking about.

"The Jag, Daddy-O, the Jag. In little Huby's Christmas stocking."

"I don't know," Gunnar said slowly. "I'll have to think about it."

In his corner Hubert smiled in triumph. That was the way it always was. The old boy always acted reluctant, but he always came through. On Christmas morning Hubert would have an order for his Jag.

It was on Plum Street the next noon that Gunnar ran into Lottie Travers. He wouldn't have known her if she hadn't called him by name, and she

called him by name only after he had helped her up from a bad fall. He was shocked at what he saw—Lottie looked 70. Her teeth were gone and she had no dentures, her face might have been ground through a cement mixer, and under her hand-me-downs her whole body looked wasted.

Gunnar immediately felt a sense of guilt. Lottie had been as pretty as any girl in the county—they had gone to school together. He knew something of her history, a little. Her man had worked on the railroad, and had been killed in a freak accident. No insurance, and little compensation. Lottie had been left with too many children to take care of. She had worked herself to the bone, but the kids hadn't turned out too well. Now it seemed that she was left all alone.

"I wouldn't have knowed you, Lottie," he fumbled his words, and wondered if he should have said that. She must know how she looked.

She was uneasy, and fussy about rearranging her clothes. She refused to meet his eyes.

"I don't want to be no trouble to nobody," she said. "I can take care of myself."

"I can help you home. It won't be no trouble."

Lottie laughed unpleasantly. "You don't have to help me," she declared again. "I can take care of myself."

Gunnar felt helpless. "Look," he said, "I'd sort of like to help, just for old time's sake. And maybe because it's Christmas." He was holding a bill in his fingers. "You can use this 10 dollars a whole lot better than I can."

Lottie acted as if he had scalded her.

"I don't want it," she said. "I don't need it. I don't need much of anything anymore."

And with that she turned away from him and started to scuffle through the snow, making a brave attempt to walk on the broken shoe that had twisted under her. Gunnar watched until she turned into the next alley. As incongruously as possible, the Methodist bells chose that moment to break into their noontide peal of "Joy to the World."

As Gunnar had foreseen, there was a party every night, with entirely too much raucous laughter and too much drinking. Marilyn was a good-looking kid, and Gunnar was proud of her blonde shapeliness, but he couldn't in all honesty say she was any less empty than the other youngsters. They brushed past him as if he were a piece of old lumber, and in self-defense he had to retreat to his bedroom.

Erika, however, seemed more in her element with the young people. Sometimes she reeked of liquor when she came up to bed well after midnight. Gunnar said nothing, of course—there was nothing to say. It was no way to find lost youth, but Erika didn't know that. Sadly, Gunnar whispered to himself that she hadn't enough intelligence to know. Somehow, she too had become empty.

It was at breakfast the Sunday morning preceding Christmas that they all lit in on him. Minnie Petersen had just brought in the last coffee, and had been dismissed so that she could go to church. Hubert dawdled with a Chicago tabloid, and Marilyn with a roll.

"You haven't done a speck of Christmas shopping, sweetie," Erika began. "You'll wait till the last moment, the way you always do. And then you'll want little Erika to go out and wade through the snow."

Hubert laughed. "Speak for yourself, Mater," he said from cover of his paper. "Tell the old boy what you want, and you'll get it. I've ordered a Jag."

"Oh, Hubert, you haven't!" Marilyn tried to seem indignant.

"Why not?"

"You've got no right to ask so much."

"Look, lovie," and Hubert put down his paper, "what is much? It's all relative, isn't it? If the Pater had only a couple hundred, maybe I'd ask Santy for a sled. Since he's got a couple hundred grand, I ask for a Jaguar. What's the difference?"

"The difference," said Erika, "is that I want to have the whole house redone as soon as spring comes."

"That isn't a Christmas present," said Marilyn. "Father will pay for that as a matter of course. Personally, I'll be glad when you get rid of all that ugly chartreuse junk in the living room."

"I think it's pretty," Erika sulked.

"Pretty awful," said Marilyn. "You think I'm not ashamed of it, you're crazy."

"Easy, easy!" Hubert tried to ease the tension. "The discussion is beside the point, the point being what you want the Pater to stick in your stocking."

Mr. Dell is on the faculty at Capital University, Columbus, Ohio.

Erika raised her hands to flounce her silver-blue hair. "I just don't know," she said petulantly. "I've got everything. My coat's only two years old, and I like it. And I don't want more diamonds—I can't stand them."

"Maybe you'd like for me to take a few off your hands," Marilyn suggested. "For once in your life you did show good taste when you got the mink. How much did it cost?"

Hubert was going to venture a guess, but Gunnar cut in on him.

"I've been thinking of something different," he said casually. "It's a nuisance shopping, and I'm not very good at it. What would you say to a different kind of present?"

"Just so the check's big enough to cover the car like a blanket," said Hubert. "I'd like to pick it out anyway."

"Make mine just as large as his," said Marilyn. "I'm worth every bit as much as he is."

"But a check's so—so soulless, sweetie," Erika complained languorously. "I'd have to think what to spend it for."

"You have any trouble, just endorse it and hand it to me," said Hubert. "I don't have any trouble spending whatever I get my hands on."

"I don't want to have to buy another coat," Erika insisted. "And Marilyn doesn't need my old one—she has one every bit as good."

Gunnar got up from the table and wiped his mouth with his napkin.

"I think you'll all have to be satisfied," he said. "I don't believe anyone has authority to tell the giver what to give."

And with that he left them and went into the library, where he could have a little peace.

The tree stood silver in the big bay formed by the south windows. It was a giant pine, picked by Gunnar himself. In his tradition there had always been a pine, the largest one he and his brothers could drag through the snow and erect in the parlor. In the first years of their marriage Erika protested a little, and Marilyn still sometimes complained that their pines made them look as if they were living in pioneer days. But Gunnar always insisted on his type of tree. It made him think of the good Christmases long, long ago, when he hadn't had much in the world besides peace and good will.

Under the tree the mound of gifts grew three feet high. Marilyn had to buy for her whole college crowd, and

(Continued on page 25)

Editor Reports India Discussion on Laymen's Role in Church

The role of the laity in the church and in the world was one of the key subjects on which the attention of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches was focused.

The evening session Nov. 22, at which Bishop Otto Dibelius presided, was devoted to this subject, with addresses by two lay men and one lay woman. And this same subject was featured the next morning at a press conference at which Mr. Charles Taft, well known Protestant Episcopal layman of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Rev. Hans Reudi-Weber of the WCC's Department on the Laity staff in Geneva answered questions.

Mr. Reudi-Weber, a Swiss, has taught theology in Indonesia, where he specialized in the movement to bring the laity more fully into the life and work of the church. He pointed out to the press that there is a kind of "Copernican Revolution" in the thinking of the church on this matter. Hitherto we have thought of the laymen as assistants to the pastors; now we are beginning to think of the importance of the laymen in their several callings in the world, with the pastors as their helpers. This, however, Mr. Weber explained, does not mean opposition between pastors and lay people but rather a partnership.

Churches Don't Agree

Both Taft and Weber said that there is no agreement among the churches as to the ecclesiastical status of the laity in the church. Some churches have no clergy whatever; others go far to the other extreme in investing almost all ecclesiastical power in the hands of the ordained clergy.

But both men also said that there is growing and very general agreement regarding the ministry of the laity in the world and that this agreement includes even the Roman Catholic Church, in which there are very important lay movements.

There is a growing conviction, Reudi-Weber told us, that the church can not really fulfill its mission unless it does so through its lay membership. And he explained that by laymen he meant not simply Sunday school teachers and other "pastorized" laymen but lay people in their daily occupations and in their positions in the power structures of the world. "The church can not be the church unless it is the church through its laity," he said, reminding me of the articles by Dr. Loren Halvorson which THE LUTHERAN STANDARD published at the beginning of this year.

Laymen Began Movement

Mr. Taft recalled the fact that it was two laymen, John R. Mott and J. H. Oldham who, in taking the lead in organizing the Edinburgh Conference in 1910, had much to do with the beginnings of the present emphasis on the proper role of the laity. During World War I Oldham fathered a movement in London which brought together persons in the same occupation to discuss the application of Christianity to their daily calling. Oldham, who is still living, also wrote the paper on the role of the laity which was included in the report of the Evanston Assembly of the WCC.

When Mr. Weber was asked where one finds this increased attention to the role of the laity most clearly recognized and implemented, he answered that it is "just in the air" and that one finds it everywhere. In the Protestant Church it developed greatly in Europe during the last war, as seen in such movements as the Kirchentag and the evangelical academies in Germany. At the moment, Reudi-Weber said, it is most emphasized in Asia.

It was reported at the press conference that the United Church of Christ in the USA has submitted a request to the WCC that it elect a bona fide layman as one of its presidents.

Commenting on the number of laymen who are official delegates to this Assembly, Mr. Taft said that there are only 60 out of the total of 625. Of these 60, he added, 16 are educators and 13 are women, "perhaps wives of church officials."

Dr. Klaus von Bismarck, a member of the Evangelical Church in Germany, director of the West German broadcasting service in Cologne, also spoke at the evening service; as did

Part of the opening procession of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches, New Delhi, India, Nov. 18-Dec. 6. In the foreground, left to right, are Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the WCC, and Bishop Lesslie Newbigin, general secretary of the International Missionary Council.—WCC photo

Mr. E. Varley Matthew, Bangalore, an Advocate of the Supreme Court of India; and Miss Edith M. Batten, principal of William Temple College, Rugby, India.

More Training Needed

In the closing remarks, given by Dr. von Bismarck, the church was challenged to devote more time and money to the training of "those Christians who try to do God's work in a secular job and who after all form about 99% of the church's membership."

In defining the kind of equipment laymen need, von Bismarck said that Bible study is very important but that it must be a study which enables the laymen to listen "to God's Word spoken into our concrete life and work situation."

"For this study," he said, addressing himself to the clergy, "you must become our teachers and partners. Yet how few pastors have learned to lead this kind of Bible study and to participate in it!"

Dr. von Bismarck said that the penetration of the world belongs far more to the ministry of the layman than it does to that of the pastor, theologian, and church leader. Hence, whereas the layman needs the pastor and theologian, the latter need the laymen.

"You need to listen to us," he said. "And take care: you need to listen not only to your lay helpers who sometimes have become domesticated and pastorized laymen; copies of yourself. You need to listen to Christians who gain their livelihood in a secular vocation and are therefore fully immersed in the structures and powers of a secular society. Our Christian ministry in these secular jobs is a vital complement to your ministries."—E.W.S.

African Asks That 5 Countries Be Urged to Reconsider Ways

A prominent African Christian layman asked the WCC to urge the governments of five countries to "reconsider their policies which tend to create fear and distrust, and which may ultimately lead to physical and dangerous disturbances in the world."

Sir Francis Ibiam, governor of Eastern Nigeria, named the USSR, the Central African Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, France, Portugal, and Ghana as countries to whose heads of state or governments the WCC should address such a "letter of appeal."

ALC official delegates to the WCC Assembly at New Delhi, India, are shown outside the Vighan Bhavan, New Delhi, India. In the back row, left to right, are the Rev. L. Brown, Dr. E. C. Fendt, Dr. William Larson, Dr. A. N. Rogness, and Dr. Gaylerd Falde. In the front row are Dr. Dorothy Haas, Dr. H. F. Schuh, Dr. R. W. Miottel, and Dr. F. A. Schiotz.

He also repeated a charge he made several months ago that "certain governments, including those of South Africa and the Central African Federation, hold that Africans are not human beings but slaves for their own benefit and comfort."

Because of a delay in Sir Francis' arrival from Nigeria, the address he prepared and was scheduled to deliver at the WCC Assembly was read by his wife, Lady Ibiam.

He had been scheduled to appear on a program on international affairs at the outdoor Shamiana, at which the other speaker was Dr. O. Frederick Nolde of New York, director of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs.

After pointing out many of the indignities which people of African descent suffer in the United States and elsewhere, Sir Francis pointedly asked the Assembly what "possible harm can come to a white man because he sits next to me, a black man; whether it be in a restaurant, cinema hall, in the park, at school, university, or even in church."

Sir Francis accused Portugal of waging a war of annihilation in Angola, and Belgium of shamelessly betraying the Congo, and said that the European powers "have done and are doing their best to dis-organize and finally break up that unfortunate country."

He claimed that this caused the untimely death of Dag Hammarskjold, the late Secretary-General of the United Nations, whom he described as "one of the finest Christian men of our time."

"If the Western powers had been as eager and determined to unite the people of the Congo as they are towards the unification of Germany the confusion in the Congo would have been settled long ago, and faithful and energetic Dag Hammarskjold would surely have been alive today," he said.

"All the great wars of the present century have been caused by white nations and they are fast preparing for another."

The Nigerian governor charged that "discrimination is as rife in the church of Christ as it is in secular life, and it is the largest millstone which hangs around the neck of some church folk and some church authorities."

Nolde Calls for Arms Halt

A Christian and American authority on international affairs called for a halt to the "madness" of continued nuclear weapons testing and arms competition at the WCC meeting in New Delhi.

Declaring that "in the crucible of this nuclear space age, God is testing the worthiness of His creatures to continue their existence on earth," Dr. O. Frederick Nolde of New York, dean of the graduate school of Lutheran Theological Seminary (ULCA), cast doubt on the sanity of those who contend that "the testing of multi-megaton nuclear weapons will promote security."

"The reality in the case is that it accelerates the armaments race and

larges the risk of catastrophic de-
ruction," asserted Dr. Nolde, who is
irector of the Commission of the
hurches on International Affairs.
The CCIA is a joint agency of the
orld Council of Churches and the
ternational Missionary Council,
hich were integrated into a single
ganization at the opening session of
e WCC's Third Assembly.
"While peace rests tenuously upon
balance of terror, security in depth
ill be found only when the spirit
ntrols the products of science," Dr.
olde told a plenary session of the
ssembly.

r. Schiotz Elected to WCC
entral Committee

Dr. Fredrik A. Schiotz, president of
e American Lutheran Church, was
ected a member of the Central
ommittee of the World Council of
hurches at its New Delhi Assembly.
Named to the 120-member Com-
ission on Faith and Order of the
CC were two ALC clergymen,
mely, Dr. Keith Bridston, of Min-
eapolis, formerly the executive sec-
tary of the commission and current-
engaged in a study of pre-theolog-
al education; and Dr. Theodore Lie-
ld, of the faculty of the Evangelical
utheran Theological Seminary, Co-
mbus, Ohio.
A total of 16 Lutherans were
med to the 100-member Central
ommittee. The figure of 100 mem-
ers, an increase of 10 from the pre-
ous total of 90, reflects the integra-
n of the World Council and the
ternational Missionary Council and
e growing membership of the
CC, which now includes 198
urches in some 60 countries.
In addition to Dr. Schiotz, one
her Lutheran from the U.S. was
ected to the Central Committee. He
Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president
the United Lutheran Church in
nerica and former central commit-
e chairman.
The Central Committee governs
CC between assemblies held every
or seven years.—E.W.S.

r. Hallesby Dies at 82

Dr. O. Hallesby, well-known au-
or and theologian of Oslo, Norway,
ed Nov. 22 in Oslo. He was 82.
A professor at the Independent
eological Seminary, Oslo, for more
an 40 years, Dr. Hallesby had writ-

The delegation from the Russian Orthodox Church is shown leaving the Assembly Hall to take part in the opening procession of the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches in New Delhi, India. The WCC received the Russian church and 22 other church bodies into membership.—WCC photo

ten a number of books that became religious "best-sellers" in both Norway and the United States. Of six Hallesby books published by Augsburg Publishing House, *Prayer* is especially widely known as a classic in religious literature. A seventh Hallesby book, *Temperament and Christian Faith*, will be published by Augsburg early next year.

During the Nazi occupation of Norway in World War II, Dr. Hallesby was a leader in the resistance movement and was later imprisoned by the Nazis.

A grandson, Einar Lunde, is a student at Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn.

Week of Prayer Urged

The Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, based this year on the theme of "service," will be observed Jan. 18-25, 1962, according to a leaflet prepared and distributed by the Commission on Faith and Order of the World Council of Churches.

Prayers on the first day will be offered for the unity of all Christian people. From the second through the seventh days prayers will be offered for the various Christian denominations, and on the eighth day Christians will pray for the unity of all mankind in the love and truth of Christ.

42,500 to Join ALC

Approximately 42,500 people may be expected to be brought into the ALC as baptized members during the next five years through congregations to be started in 1962 by the Division of American Missions of the ALC, according to Dr. Philip S. Dybvig, the division's executive director.

Dr. Dybvig's announcement came in the wake of the annual meeting of the Board of American Missions, which set a goal of 85 new congregations for 1962, the ALC's second year of operation. The new congregations, which will be started in urban, suburban, and rural areas of the U.S. and Canada, are expected to require a budget of approximately nine and one-half million dollars.

The 1962 goal represents an advance over this year's record in which 81 mission fields were occupied for development. This growth occurred in a period in which the ALC was starting its new program.

Recognizing that some of the members gained will come as active members from other congregations, Dr. Dybvig also pointed out that many will come who have no church connection. He said: "There will be not a few whose lives are completely changed."

News Worthies

By Lewis Holm

Still the big news for churchmen is the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches, held Nov. 18-Dec. 6 in New Delhi, India. The following items have been culled from special news releases to the STANDARD from **Dr. Edward Schramm,** who attended the Assembly, and from the news services.

► An unofficial total of 73 delegates represented 31 affiliated Lutheran Churches in 16 countries at the WCC Assembly, not including the 35-member delegation listed as coming from the Evangelical Church in Germany (EKID). EKID is a national federation that includes 10 Lutheran churches and Reformed and Union churches. The majority of the EKID constituency are Lutherans.

Other Lutherans attended who were not official delegates. Nearly 250 Lutherans attended a dinner given by the Lutheran World Federation.

Of the nine official delegates of the ALC, two are lay people: **Dr. Dorothy Haas** and **Dr. R. W. Miottel.** No parish pastors were among the official ALC delegates, although at least one, **the Rev. Karl H. Brevik,** pastor of the Bethlehem Church, Kalispell, Mont., attended as a visitor. Four ALC delegates were from the former ELC, four from the former ALC, and one from the former UELC.

► At the aforementioned LWF dinner, according to Dr. Schramm's report, **Bishop Rajah Manikam,** of Tiruchirappalli, India, addressed the Lutherans on the subject of Lutheranism and Ecumenicity in India.

The bishop reported that there are 10 Lutheran churches in India, with a total membership of 650,000 souls. The Tamil Lutheran Church goes back to the work of Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, pioneer Lutheran missionary who landed in Tranquebar in 1706.

Nine of the Lutheran groups in India are members of the All-India Federation of Lutheran Churches, organized almost 30 years ago. Although the federation is a member of the LWF and the WCC, hopes for a united Lutheran church in India have not materialized.

Christians number only 2% of the total Indian population, which is 424 million. Here, said the bishop, is the chief problem and difficulty confronting the Lutheran churches of India. Obviously, it would be advantageous if the Christian Gospel could be presented in a united way to the people of India.

► Although **Dr. Billy Graham** said many favorable things about the Assembly, writes Dr. Schramm, the evangelist said he had failed to note the same dynamic sprit in New Delhi as at the Amsterdam and Evanston assemblies. He said that he felt more time should have been given to prayer, and that the Assembly was very quiet on the menace of Communism.

Commenting on these criticisms, **Dr. Franklin Clark Fry,** president of the ULCA and chairman of the Central Committee of the WCC, said that one can not fairly judge the dynamic of an assembly at this early stage when committees and sections are at work and before their reports have been received, discussed, and acted upon.

Dr. Fry also called attention to the long periods of devotion or Bible study held each morning and noted that at the devotional services everyone was in his place. Dr. Fry added that for the first time there has been prayer at meetings of the Business Committee of the Assembly.

Turning to the Communism issue, Dr. Fry said many reports and discussions had brought forth or would bring forth statements that impinge on the Communist ideology. Surely, he added, a Communist would not be comfortable at this Assembly.

Mr. Charles Parlin, New York, vice-chairman of the WCC's Press and Broadcasting Committee, compared Evangelist Graham's criticism to that of a reporter who went to the opening of a big trial, listened to the opening statements of the two attorneys, and then left, saying, "This is a poor affair." Such a reporter, Mr. Parlin said, would not be qualified to judge the merits of the trial.

► But there were "many instances," writes Dr. Schramm, of "real courageous witness . . . given . . . at th Assembly."

One such instance was a sermo preached by **Dr. Guenter K. A. Jacob** of Cottbus, Brandenburg, general su perintendent of the Evangelica Church in Germany (EKID) in Berlin Brandenburg.

Dr. Jacob was unable to get a visa to travel to New Delhi. His sermo was read by **Dr. Kurt Scharf,** Berlin president of EKID.

Said Dr. Jacob: "All our ecumen ical enthusiasm, such as can seize u at a meeting like this, must not b allowed to cloud our view of the rea situation we are in as we go abou our day to day service in the Church In a world which bears the stamp o an ancient Christian inheritance many people lose heart in the dens fog generated by the spirit of oppor tunism that threatens to stifle a attempts at genuine decisions fo Christ. In those churches that hav to exist as tiny minorities in a non Christian environment, many ther are who lose heart under the burde of material poverty and social im potence. In those churches that ar within the domain of dialectical ma terialism, many people lose heart ow ing to the opposition with which th Church of Jesus Christ is faced. An all the attention that the world a large is naturally directing upon u during these days cannot blind us t the fact that nowadays the Christia Church very often finds itself rele gated to the attic. Who, in this situ ation, would not constantly b tempted to lose heart?"

"Our service for Jesus Christ," sai Dr. Jacob, "depends upon one pre supposition, and one alone. That i that the Gospel of the glory of Christ who is the image of God, gives fort light. . . . The glory of God, namely his love made known in Jesus Christ can indeed be overshadowed and t a certain extent concealed by the car icature of the god of the passing age but it can never again be blotted ou by a total eclipse of the sun here o earth."

Jan. 6 Music Clinic Scheduled

Church musicians from five state are expected to take part in the sev enth annual Church Music Clini sponsored by Augsburg Publishin House at Central Church, Minneapo lis, Jan. 6.

The sessions, scheduled from 8 a.m

4:30 p.m., will include reading of w music for mixed voices and for ildren and youth choirs; three lec- re demonstrations; and a presenta- n of introits and graduals for the utheran service.

Members of the clinic staff are Dr. niel Moe, director of the choral partment of the University of Iowa; nden Lundstrom, director of music Our Savior's Church, Rockford, .; Prof. Leland Sateren, chairman the music department at Augsburg llege, Minneapolis; and Dr. Paul nsrud, music professor at St. Olaf llege, Northfield, Minn.

The clinic is open, without charge, choir directors, pastors, students, d others interested in church music.

among the Churches

SOUTH-CENTRAL

● Trinity Church, Pottsville, Tex. astor Charles Eidum), was unable finish its new parsonage on sched- because of material shortages used by Hurricane Carla. The dedi- ion date has not been set.

● St. Paul Church, DeWitt, Neb. astor B. C. Wiebke), an open coun- church that is five years old, has ned its mortgage.

● St. James Church, Humboldt, b. (Pastor A. Blobaum), voted on v. 9 to build a new church as soon plans can be completed.

● Abiding Peace Church, Kansas y, Mo. (Pastor Harold J. Larsen), dedicated the first unit of a church building on Nov. 19. Abiding Peace is the fourth home missions church which Pastor Larsen has organized.

● Immanuel Church, Brauersville, Mo., and Trinity Church, Pyrmont, have agreed to form one parish and share a pastor.

● A workshop for the "dry land" area in Eastern Colorado is being held this month under the leadership of Dr. E. W. Mueller to work out a more effective service of the area. This study will center in ALC churches in and around Limon, Colo. Dr. Mueller works in the area of town and country churches in the National Lutheran Council.

WESTERN

● St. Paul Church, Lynwood, Calif. (Pastors Walter H. Nordby and Orlin L. Mandsager), will present its 10th annual Christmas pageant during Christmas week. A cast of more than 100 people with authentic costumes will take part.

MIDWEST

● St. Paul Church, LaCrosse, Wis. (Pastor Arthur M. Feroe), dedicated a new church building Dec. 17. The structure used previously served the congregation for 65 years.

● Of 44 who were confirmed in the class of 1911 at First Church, Stoughton, Wis. (Pastors A. W. Stolen and Ivan Vallem), 33 attended the golden confirmation anniversary held Oct. 29. This year's was the sixth annual golden confirmation anniversary in the congregation.

OHIO-EASTERN

● St. Matthew Church, Medina, Ohio (Pastor Harry E. Boyer), dedicated an education building Nov. 19. The new building, the third building program completed within a 10 year span, will add 11 classrooms to the facilities of the St. Matthew church.

UPPER MIDWEST

● Our Redeemer's Church, New England, N.D. (Pastor Elias K. J. Kristensen), held the service of entrance and cornerstone laying at services held Nov. 19.

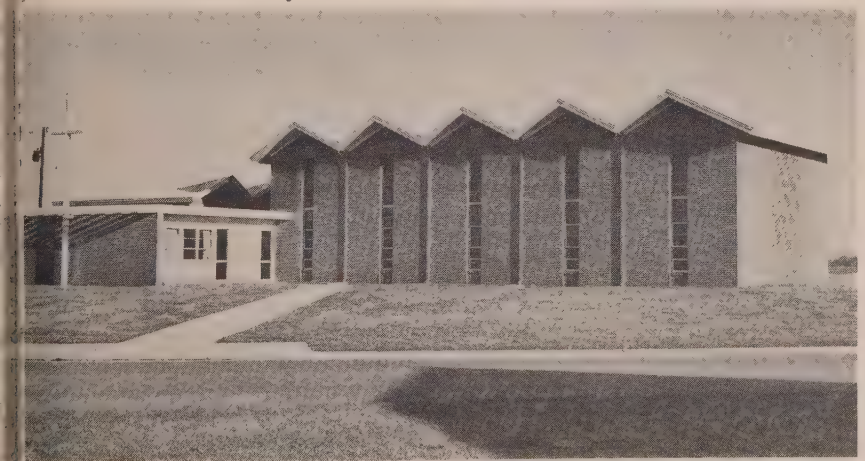
● The Rev. William Hood has resigned as president of Augustana Academy, Canton, S.D. His resignation will become effective at the end of the first semester of the present school year.

● Vision of Glory Church, Minneapolis, Minn. (Pastor Irving E. Stangland), was organized Nov. 19, when 233 persons were received as members. Work was begun in this community on Aug. 1 of this year.

● Sundahl Church, Aneta, N.D. (Pastor Einar Fetterman), harvested flax from about 75 acres of virgin soil. Use of the land was donated, as was the seed, labor, and use of machinery. The proceeds were applied on the church debt.

● Mr. Ivar Randklev, an 80-year-old retired bachelor-farmer, has given $100,000 in stocks, bonds, and other gifts, to the Bethel Lutheran Home for the Aged, Williston, N.D. The

(Continued on page 27)



ding Peace Church, Kansas City, Mo. (Pastor Harold J. Larsen), dedicated its first Nov. 19. This congregation was organized, under the Division of American Missions the ALC, June 17, 1961.

In our Christmas carols we echo the happiness that others have experienced before us.

Songs of Joy

By Vincent Edward

AS YOU join in singing your favorite Christmas carols, does it ever occur to you that it is because someone, years and years ago, was overwhelmed with joy during this season that we have these familiar and beloved songs of praise? It really gives one an inner glow of excitement to think of all the happiness that has burst out of people's hearts over Christmas, compelling them to set down on paper such inspired stanzas.

It all started with the angels. From the New Testament we learn that an angelic host suddenly appeared over Bethlehem's dark plain on the night of the Savior's birth to sing a song of joy. The humble shepherds who listened were so stirred by that heavenly music that they forthwith decided to leave their flocks and see the blessed Babe.

Down through the centuries, the spell of this season has so captivated and overwhelmed the most sedate-looking persons that, before they were aware of it, they had given the world immortal songs! Their joy was so great that they just had to tell it to the world.

Mr. Edwards is a free lance writer in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Dr. Isaac Watts was such a party. A famous poet and scholar, he lived very quietly in the beautiful country home of Sir Thomas Abney, former lord mayor of London. He was once invited out for the weekend, but his host and his family found him such a delightful guest that they would not hear of his leaving. He stayed on for 36 years!

Dr. Watts could make up rhymes just about as fast as you and I can talk, and he was continually dashing off hymns. As a matter of fact, he became celebrated as one of the greatest hymn writers of all time, having turned out more than 500 in his short lifetime. At Christmastide, his happiness must have been simply tremendous, for he broke out with one of the most jubilant hymns we sing:

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing . . ."

Another great hymn writer, who felt the same kind of joy, was Charles Wesley. It may sound incredible, but he wrote 5,000 hymns as compared to Dr. Watts's 500! One Christmas morning he was walking to the church where he was organist, when all the church bells began ringing.

Immediately, he was inspired wit the lines of a new hymn:

"Hark! how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of kings,"

which was later changed to

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the newborn King! . . .'

Out of Charles Wesley's feelings exultation came this beautiful car on Christmas Day-in-the-mornin 1739, and now, more than 200 yea later, we are still singing his tr umphant words.

Father Joseph Mohr felt supreme happy on Christmas Eve, 1818. I had just returned from a poor pea ant's home where a baby boy h been born, and the joy of the parer so touched his heart that he sat dov and wrote in his native German carol which began:

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Chi
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

Father Mohr was the assistant pas-
r of St. Nicol's Church in Obern-
orf, Austria. For music for his lovely
anzas, he sought out his good friend,
ranz Gruber, the church organist.
ruber also felt the magic glow of
e season, for inside of 24 hours he
id composed the tune which all the
orld loves and sings today.

Probably no parson ever bubbled
er with more glee over Christmas
an Phillips Brooks. In the holiday
ason of 1868, when he was rector
the Church of the Holy Trinity in
iladelphia, he was wishing that he
uld make all his Sunday school chil-
en feel what it had meant to stand
der the stars at Bethlehem on
ristmas Eve as he had done just
ee years previously.
Soon his pen was busy, and he was
tting down on paper these beautiful
es:

little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
et in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
he hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight."

Here, again, an organist came to
pastor's rescue with the music. As
lacked a tune for his words, Parson
ooks turned naturally to Lewis Red-
r, who directed the church choir.
e result was that the organist woke
in the middle of the night with a
rfect melody ringing in his mind.
hastily rose from bed to put the
tes down on paper, and there was
other thrilling combination of words
d music for a favorite Christmas
ol.

Editors as well as clergymen have been carried away by the spell of the year's happiest season. In England, more than a century and a half ago, James Montgomery had quite a stormy time of running a newspaper in Sheffield. But he found peace and contentment by writing hymns on the side. One Christmastide he must have been solemnly stirred when he burst out with these lines:

"Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King."

During the latter half of the 19th century famous poets and novelists flocked to the office of *The Century Magazine* in New York to confer with its distinguished editor, Dr. Josial Gilbert Holland. Dr. Holland was no mean poet in his own right. In a certain holiday season, in a rare glow of feeling, he put down some tender verses that were destined to be turned into a lovely carol:

"There's a song in the air,
There's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry.

"And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King . . ."

Of all the carols sung in modern times, probably none carries a more appropriate message for our day than "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." The author, the Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, caught a vision of a world where war was no more and all men had learned to live like brothers.

When Mr. Sears put down his lines, did he carry in his memory a picture of the stars looking down on the Berkshire hill farm where he lived as a boy? One wonders. The ambitious farmer's son grew up to become one of the nation's most distinguished preachers and religious writers. Yet, of all he said and wrote, little is remembered except these simple moving stanzas, expressing the assurance that the Christmas spirit would some day reach out to all humanity:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its heavenly splendors fling,
And all the world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."

EDITORIALS

The Lord Who Comes

"What hit them was the fact that they could talk to a man who himself had hope. These lords of the world—they come and go. But there is one Lord who comes." It was Dr. Hans J. Margull, executive secretary of the World Council of Churches' Department on Evangelism and formerly a lecturer at the University of Hamburg, who wrote these words.

While living in Hamburg, Dr. Margull was impressed by the fact that most of the people he saw on the streets—dockworkers and others—were completely outside of the life of the church. He won their confidence because he sought them out. In due time they invited him to their homes and questioned him on many matters.

"They didn't ask me how they could escape hell," Dr. Margull reports, "but how they could escape hell in their own families." And then he added the sentences quoted at the beginning of this editorial: "What hit them was the fact that they could talk to a man who himself had hope. These lords of the world—they come and go. But there is one Lord who comes."

One Lord who comes—and abides! No wonder one of the favorite hymns of Christendom is, "Joy to the world! The Lord is come!" No wonder that the coming of this supreme Lord—God in the flesh—marks the division of time into B.C. and A.D. No wonder that the crucial question in the mind of John Baptist, faithful believer in the Old Testament promises, was, "Are you he who is to come, or shall we look for another?" (Matt. 11:3). No wonder that the common people of Jesus' day, when they saw the life that he lived and the miracles that he did, said excitedly, "This is indeed the prophet who is to come into the world!" (Jn. 6:14).

Other lords come onto history's stage. But whether their name is Jenghiz Khan or Benito Mussolini or Joseph Stalin, they come and go. There is but one Lord who comes and does not go. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He dwells among us, full of grace and truth. He is with us always, to the close of the age. He is our life, our joy, our Savior, our God. We look for no other. We need no other. For he is not only the Lord of the universe; he is also my personal, compassionate Savior, who has redeemed me in order that I may be his own now and forevermore.

This, in the last analysis, is the transformingly joyous meaning and message of Christmas. The Lord, *my* Lord, is come. The seed of the woman who would crush the head of the serpent; the Messiah whom the faithful awaited through long centuries of promise; the Light-bringer whom the watchman's Spirit-anointed eyes saw coming to break the darkness of the night—is come. And, wonder of wonders, he stands at the door of my heart and knocks. He wants to enter and dwell there by faith. In him I am a new creature, experiencing in ever greater measure that old things are passed away and all things have become new—and knowing that the best is yet to be.

That this one Lord who comes may come into your heart and mine on this Christmas Day, that he may cast out our sin and enter in and be born in us today: this is my heartfelt wish, my most fervent prayer for all of us.—E.W.S.

Holy Zion Fall Out Shelter

In many ways the church may be compared to a fall out shelter. The sinner under the wrath and judgment of God seeks refuge in the church to hear the message of love and forgiveness and to experience a sense of security. The church does indeed protect from the poisonous arrows of the devil. It is supposed to be a place of freedom and love, with open arms for all. It is like the cities of refuge which Joshua appointed according to the command of God where the accused murderer might seek refuge till his case could be properly tried (Josh. 20). But the church does not always turn out to be a real city of refuge or fall out shelter.

Let us imagine we are in a shelter. It is deep underground with 14 rooms well furnished and supplied with water and food so that the occupants can enjoy life till the danger is over. It also has a small arsenal of weapons to be used to keep intruders out.

Is this the way some churches are developing? Sufficient unto themselves? Are they like a fall out shelter, well organized and regulated, shut off from the world? The door to such a shelter is secret so that only the "worthy" ones know how to find it. But it is also fortified with rules and regulations that have the effect of loaded guns striking fear into the hearts of sinners outside—and of people within.

Let us imagine that the Holy Zion Fall Out Shelter is full of the people it was designed to accommodate. They have come in frightened, seeking protection from the deadly fall out. They are happy to be free and protected. But as time goes on the

eed some order in this shelter. The most ambitious akes care of this for himself by claiming the best oom, because he holds that he can best serve the ause in that way. The others are a little shocked at is attitude, but they are happy to be safe so they o not object. And since he takes this attitude, they ll soon scramble for the best possible rooms, and on each one is selfishly guarding his own room. wo men in the room by the entrance change off anding guard with rifle in hand.

Such is life in Holy Zion Fall Out Shelter. It may appen that one of the occupants becomes uneasy. le gets pangs of conscience thinking of those who ay be suffering outside. Is it not possible to open he shelter to more people? But such a man is at nce reproached with the question: Are you not yal to the Holy Zion Fall Out Shelter?

The spirit in such a place is not one of joy and eedom. Paul's warning is forgotten: "If you bite nd devour one another take heed that you are not nsumed by one another" (Gal. 5:15). What a agedy!

For the church should be like the cities of refuge which the sinner can come, and in which he can ove about by the free grace of God. "For freedom hrist has set us free; stand fast therefore, and do ot submit again to the yoke of slavery" (Gal. 5:1). hen this is forgotten, this Holy Zion Fall Out elter with the many rooms becomes a tense place nd a problem even to its own occupants.—J.M.J.

Let the Service Serve

A group of Christians were discussing moments great spiritual significance in their lives—when od had seemed especially near. After awhile they served that none of these moments had occurred a church.

It would be unfair to conclude that their experice is typical. But surely it is proper to consider hat might be done to help more people feel God's esence in a worship service. A number of congretions have shown that improvement is possible.

We could do much to help worshippers underand what is going on. Occasionally we criticize e Roman Catholics for using a foreign language. t as Pastor Smith and others have pointed out, e Latin titles and sometimes archaic language do t help the average attender get more out of the rvice. The use of bulletins seems mandatory, unss people are directed to a section of the hymnal at is followed exactly. Perhaps instead of just listg the items in the order of service we could exain what we are doing at each point.

Sometimes we seem to take the entire matter of rship for granted. Could the words of the liturgy spoken with more expression—so people will grasp their meaning and importance? Reading the Scripture is even more important. Surely no one should presume to read Scripture in a monotonous tone, or stumble over the pronunciation of words. Especially for the Epistle and Old Testament selections, could there not be an introductory statement giving the point of what will be read and its setting?

It is too bad the hymnal does not include the Scripture texts for the day. It would help to involve the congregation if they followed the reading in their own Bibles. Some congregations place Bibles as well as hymnals in the pew racks for this purpose. The congregation might more easily pray the prayers, too, if they followed the words.

How often do our hymns reach the hearts of the singers? Would it be improper for our ministers of music or other qualified persons to lead the singing, at least in some types of service? Not too long ago some Lutheran churches had "klokkers" who performed a related function. A leader could point out the intent of the various stanzas of a hymn, direct thought to words, and see that they are sung in the proper mood and tempo. One of the greatest benefits of singing in a good choir is that you appreciate the meaning of hymns. Could not our congregations receive some of this benefit too?

Even the design of the building can help develop an attitude of reverence. So can the way it is maintained and kept clean. So can the way we spend our first moments—if rather than talking with our neighbor we bow in silent prayer.

It is time that we get over our notion that kneeling for prayer is Roman—or are we too proud to bend the knee before God? Surely kneeling, as suggested in the order of service, and as practiced by both high and low church brethren in other churches, would help the congregation feel they are involved in worship and would emphasize the proper attitude with which we approach God.

Maybe one reason nothing happens during the service is that we don't expect anything to happen. How often do we approach the sanctuary expecting to learn something, to get closer to God, to be inspired? Or do we come merely out of habit or a sense of duty? What do we pray for the day before we worship—or as we enter church—or as the pastor enters the pulpit? If we ask for nothing, how can we expect God to give? The *L.S.* has begun printing the texts and theme for each Sunday (page 31) so that you may read them on Saturday and get a head start in preparing to receive blessings.

To worship is to declare publicly the worthship of God—how much we think of him. We do him no honor to sleepily sit through a performance we don't fully understand and in which we have little interest or involvement. There are many ways in which we can more sincerely honor God and at the same time receive his blessings in a worship service. —R.E.A.

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MR. EDITOR...

HANG (ONTO) THE HYMNAL

► Sometimes I am ashamed of the stodgy narrow-mindedness which finds expression in letters to the editor. One gets the idea that no one is entitled to attempt to raise our quality of congregational participation to a level above the old, familiar, albeit sometimes musically inferior liturgy and hymn selections we have become used to. Should not corporate worship strive to be the highest, most exalted expression of our praise that it is possible for the human spirit to attain through the gifts God has given? Is it too much to expect a congregation to practice?

CONSTANCE MARIE JAEGER
Douglas, Wash.

► I often take a group of emotionally disturbed children to services. They prefer going to other Protestant churches as they can't sing our difficult hymns.

WILDA SCHLESSMAN, R.N.
Northville, Mich.

► The letters seem to indicate that people and pastors are too stubborn and/or too lazy to learn and accept the new hymnal. Anyone who is leaving the church because of the new hymnal really shows immature faith.

ROY T. JOHNSON
St. Paul, Minn.

► It's getting so that we don't even hear the sermon, we're so disgusted with the songs we've just stumbled through.

MRS. EUGENE KREFT
Ocqueoc, Mich.

► Someone should inform the Rev. Francis Smith of the abundance of easy hymns in the new hymnal, such as 8, 24, 40, 42, 47, 48, 165, 166, etc.

PHILIP E. NIEFT, pastor
Oconto Falls, Wis.

► Liturgy and chorale-type hymns are good, but they do not have a monopoly on what is God-pleasing. It seems to me that Col. 3:16 could well be our guide: psalms (liturgy), hymns (chorales), spiritual songs (Gospel hymns).

PASTOR O. A. SALGE
San Antonio, Texas

Letters intended for publication must be brief and should be addressed to Mr. Editor. None can be acknowledged.

► We have tried a hymn of the month. *Maybe,* after four weeks of practice, there will be a few more voices added during the singing. . . It is the children, who are willing to try, who will be the singing Lutherans of tomorrow. Until then, we keep searching for the familiar hymns.

ADELE THOMPSON
Lake Lillian, Minn.

► I would like to thank those who worked with the new hymnal. It is a blessing to me. I do not know very much about music. I know that beautiful Gospel truths are being sung into our hearts and lives, and we have been given even greater opportunities to express our Christian faith through this new hymnal.

EUGENE NELSON
Baldwin, Wis.

DANGER! HE READS CLASSICS

► Since I particularly appreciate Karl Olsson's writings, I am saddened by the attacks made upon him. The chief criticism seems to be that he writes beautiful and literate English, that he has a subtle sense of humor, and that he reads the classics. You can't trust a fellow like that! It gets a little confusing, though, when the super-pious hurl vitriol at a man in order to prove that he is not as spiritual as they are, while the accused seeks to find his brother in the attacker.

IRMINGARD LOEWE
Vancouver, B.C.

► I am not a "Kansas City milkman" and I enjoy Karl A. Olsson's column immensely. I would like to pass on some words attributed to John Kerman, a Scotch pastor: "If a man helps you to preach better, he has done you a benefit, even though in doing it he may have wounded you. . . . Whatever you do, never allow any criti to deflect your essential message, or t make you timid about letting the light of your vision shine."

WALTON F. BERTON, pastor
Hines, Ore.

► Articles by Karl A. Olsson are always a must with us, and our 14-year-old son insists that he always share this column with us. We need spiritual challenging.

R. H. ABERNETHY
Hampton, Va.

TAKE A STAND

I am so pleased that the *L.S.* pub-hed "I Was a Freedom Rider")ct. 24). Racial discrimination is a allenge to all Christians. Let us not afraid to take a stand on these ues.

ANNE POIER
Fremont, Calif.

Freedom Riders often dare local thorities to arrest them. Christian tnessing should stop short of that.

ALLEN L. MOEN
Pullman, Wash.

NO LOSS

It has been brought to my atten-n that a report was published (Aug.) that there had been a loss of embership in the Church of the Lu-eran Brethren. I write to inform you at this is not true. Ten new home ssion churches have been admit-l into the membership of our synod thin the last three years, and some the other congregations have shown ubstantial increase in membership.

D. A. ERICKSON, president
Church of the Lutheran Brethren
Fergus Falls, Minn.

A TRAGIC NECESSITY

Re the Reformation issue. We Lu-erans have no trouble remembering Reformation as a necessity, but almost offended at the suggestion t it had its tragic aspects as well. are apathetic in our ecumenical ncern and make a fetish of the as-ts of the Reformation which di-ed the church.

PHILLIP TRUCKENBROD
Iowa City, Iowa

BIRCH ISN'T EXTREME

Recent criticism by Dr. Paul C. pie of the HUAC, *Operation Aboli-n*, and the John Birch Society indi-es the growing influence of the ial gospel. Dr. Empie's remarks false when he states that the John ch Society is an extremist organi-ion. We simply believe in the con-tution of the United States as it is.

MARTIN VAALER, president
Public Service Commission
Bismarck, N.D.

t seems to me we have too many ers and articles, also in the *L.S.*, bing as hate-and-fear-mongers and tch hunters" any who try to arouse to the menace of godless Commu-n.

ERNST H. HAACKE
Bismarck, N.D.

Lundstrom Moe Sateren Ensrud

Church Music Clinic

The seventh annual Church Music Clinic sponsored by Augsburg Publishing House will be held at Central Lutheran Church, Minneapolis, Jan. 6 (8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.)

The clinic is open, without charge, to choir directors, pastors, students, and others interested in church music.

Featured at this year's clinic will be Dr. Daniel Moe, director of the choral department at the University of Iowa; Linden Lundstrom, director of music at Our Saviour's Lutheran Church, Rockford, Ill.; Prof. Leland Sateren, chairman of the department of music at Augsburg College, Minneapolis, and Dr. Paul Ensrud, professor of music at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn.

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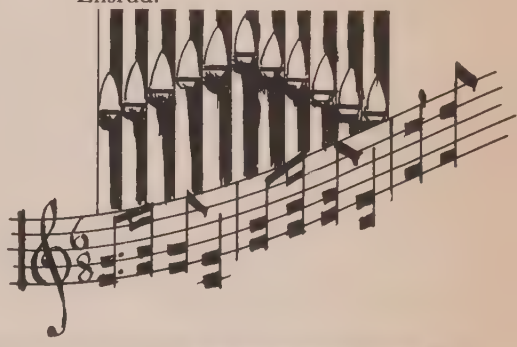
Both series are edited by Paul Ensrud.



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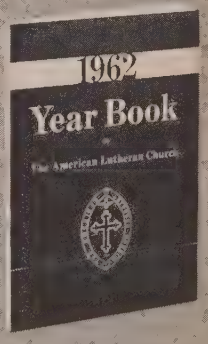

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"I picked up your book *Bread for Her Day,* almost by accident in our church library. I am not given to frequent despondent moods, but I certainly was in the midst of one last week. Your words helped me to take a new look at myself and my tasks . . . all does not seem so hopeless now."

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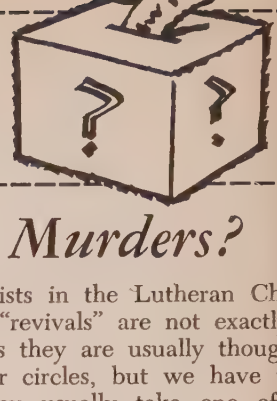

Does God Forgive Murders?

Does God forgive murders and adultery and sins like that? If he does, what is the unforgivable sin?
J. A., Ohio

Read the 11th chapter of 2 Samuel. Here is the sordid story of David committing both of the sins to which you refer. He committed adultery with Bathsheba and caused her husband to be sent to the front "that he may be smitten, and die."

Then in the following chapter Nathan the prophet comes to David and points out this sin. David confesses "I have sinned against the Lord." And Nathan said unto David, "The Lord hath also put away thy sin; thou shalt not die" (2 Samuel 12:13). Read all of this, and you will see other implications, but this is what is at the heart of your question.

God forgives our sins, but with forgiveness comes the power for a new life. In Baptism it is symbolized by the water which washes away sin, and the laying on of hands, which symbolizes the gift of the Holy Ghost, a new life.

In forgiveness we become responsible to God. One is responsible when he makes a proper response. A proper response is one which is in keeping with the stimulation. If one touches a hot stove and says it is cold, this is not a proper response. If one is given a new life by God, and then lives that new life just like the old one, it is not a proper response. Then the question arises as to whether the gift of the new life has ever been received. God only knows. But it is certain that the one who has been offered the new life will be held responsible for what he has done with it.

This is the unforgivable sin, this refusal of the gift of the Holy Ghost, not only the gift of forgiveness, but the refusal of the gift of the new life that goes with it.

Why doesn't the Lutheran Church have revivals and evangelists? **F. M., Wash.**

We do have both "revivals" and evangelists in the Lutheran Churc

The "revivals" are not exactly th same as they are usually thought in other circles, but we have them and they usually take one of tw forms. They can be "preaching mi sions" or "Preaching-Teaching-Reach ing missions."

Here is a description of each fro a pamphlet published by the Commi sion on Evangelism of the ALC.

"Preaching Missions: Just as Bible Camp or Spiritual Retreat b comes a 'season of refreshing fro the Lord' to all who attend, so preaching mission can be used God to bring revitalization of faith, confront the unsaved anew with t Gospel and to stir lethargic and i different congregations to more u gent Christ-like love and concern f their friends and neighbors who a still outside the fold of God.

"The staff of full-time evangelis are available upon invitation to co duct Sunday-through-Thursd Preaching Missions in individual co gregations. The mission can be li ited to the Sunday morning and ev ning preaching or expanded to i clude visitation and extra meetin with special groups such as You Church Boards, organizational o cers, Sunday school and the like.

"Invitations can be sent directly any of the preaching evangelists or the Office of Evangelism. . . ."

"Preaching-Teaching-Reachi Evangelism Missions: Scores of co gregations have experienced that wh is difficult to do alone can sometim easily be done with others. Cong gations in one or two conferenc within a radius of approximately fi miles can join in triple thrust of simultaneous preaching mission each congregation Sunday throu Thursday, the teaching of laity a pastors in more effective evangelis and reaching out to both memb and non-members to bring Christ the people and people to Christ.

"Invitations are encouraged on t Conference level and are referred the Office of Evangelism. The Offi

ough the P-T-R director, coordi-
es all of the area missions, gives
sonal leadership to Conference
-R committees, and supplies lit-
ure and other aids necessary. . . ."
ou can get more information
ut all of this from the ALC Office
Evangelism, 422 South Fifth St.,
neapolis 15, Minn.

**t the recent International Lu-
r League Convention the pro-
m for the evening gave the
eral president of the ALC the
e of the Right Reverend Fred-
A. Schiotz. My question is
ere and when did he get this
e?**
R. Z., Ohio

n those denominations where cer-
leaders are called "bishop" the
omary manner of addressing one
occupies that position is "the
t Reverend." I checked the Miami
ch programs and if you will check
programs you will find that
op Hanns Lilje is also listed as
Right Reverend." Bishop Lilje's position in the Church of Hannover is comparable to Dr. Schiotz's position in the American Lutheran Church.

It is true, of course, that we do not call the heads of our synod and districts bishops. I suppose it will kick off a bit of controversy, but sometimes I think we should. After all, it would eliminate confusion. *Bishop* is an ecclesiastical term. We introduce our leaders by other titles, such as *doctor,* or *president.* But these may tend to confuse. The title *bishop* leaves no doubt. He who has that title is a churchman in an executive position, having responsibilities over a specified group of congregations.

This doesn't mean, of course, that we need to adopt completely all the things that go with the episcopal form of church government. In fact, it wouldn't mean that we would have to change government at all. But it would mean that we would be using the kind of terminology that is used by the vast majority of Christians when referring to certain leaders in our church. It would clarify their situations in the eyes and ears of a good many people.

Good ecclesiastical custom would give the president of our church the title of "the Right Reverend."

Send questions to Prof. Stanley D. Schneider, 835 Chelsea Ave., Columbus 9, Ohio. Names and addresses must be included though only initials will be used.

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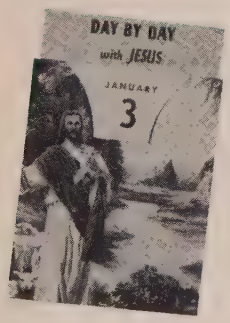
into Your Home



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Come Ye to Bethlehem

By T. J. Kleinhans

O COME, all ye faithful," run the words of the carol, "come ye to Bethlehem." Each year thousands do come to Bethlehem, not just in spirit but as real pilgrims, to seek the place where the Christ Child was born.

Anyone who sets foot on the dusty limestone pavingblocks outside the Church of the Nativity stands in the long shadows of history. Likely as not, despite the hallowed soil, he may first be disturbed, rather than inspired, by what he sees.

Ever since we first heard what happened on Christmas Eve, our minds began to play tricks on us. What Doctor Luke wrote about a lowly cave in Bethlehem we somehow changed to a more familiar setting.

As Americans we may have heard the word manger and thought in terms of a vast barn, warm and snug in the Minnesota snows. Had we been Germans, we might have imagined a setting of fir trees and a fair-haired, blue-eyed infant lying in a cradle. Had we been Lapps, we might have imagined the scene as a tundra of frozen muskeg, with the Christ Child swaddled in a blanket of reindeer hair.

Actually Luke was describing a simple wayside house. Perhaps the vineyards were sun-parched and the soil poor, and the owner took in guests to help pay the taxes. Below, a cavern or grotto gave shelter to the cows and sheep. Above, there were quarters for the family and a few guests. Bethlehem still boasts a dozen ancient dwellings of this sort.

The site of the real inn is buried by a mountain of tradition. Yet there seems to be good reason to feel the Emperor Constantine, back in the year 325, may have picked the right site for the Church of the Nativity.

Of the cave itself there is nothing left but a limestone floor. A 14-pointed silver star, with a hole to show the stone beneath, marks the historic spot. The simple Latin legend reads: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

The Church of the Nativity is nowhere near as simple as the old inn must have been. The present basilica dates from the 530s, and stands on the site of an earlier church built by Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine.

It has experienced many an ebb and flow of history. In 614, the Persians considered destroying it when they overran Palestine. They did destroy almost every other church and shrine. Instead they looked high on the walls and found a mosaic of the Wise Men dressed in Persian garb. This, legend goes, saved the church.

The building is basically Christian, but many an Arab still stops to pray to Allah in the transept, just as Caliph Omar set the pattern in 634.

Nowadays the squabbles are between the three large groups who share a continuing claim to the church —the Greek Orthodox, the Roman Catholics, and the Armenian Orthodox. Who gets to sweep the floor, who gets to provide the olive oil for a sanctuary lamp, who gets to hang an ikon on which nail, who gets to wash the linen paraments on the various altars—these are all issues the Jordan government has tried to settle—with a 70-page booklet as complicated as the rules of football.

The old entryways of the church are nearly walled up, with just a squat opening. Even a six-year-old has to stoop. Tradition says this was to keep the Arab tribesmen from riding pell-mell into the nave and desecrating the sanctuary.

The interior is almost as austere and severe as the outside. The lack of pews makes the building seem even larger than it is. Only the red Corinthian columns at the aisles give a touch of stone grandeur, together with the Byzantine altar and mosaics.

Historically the most interesting a of the church is the crypt, reach from the front by two narrow st wells. Here, in polished marble sca ly a tenth as big as the basilica, is site of the inn. Here also are shri to the Holy Innocents, slaughtered Herod, and to Joseph, presum where the angel warned him to to Egypt.

For all its history the Church the Nativity leaves a few pilgr cold. The squabbles of the Copts the Abyssinians, of the Syrians the Armenians, the Roman Cath and the Greek Orthodox, take a some of the charm.

But Bethlehem Ephratah is just the Church of the Nativity. I the spot where God chose to take human flesh. The double name me simply House of Bread and Fruit as the groves of vines and oli pomegranate, and barley (rich for part of Judea) still prove.

Not far off is the tomb of Rac the Well of the Wise Men, and fields of Ruth and Boaz. A l farther lies the rolling pasturel where the shepherds tended t sheep the night the angels sang luiah.

All this, of course, makes the Go come alive—even little details like brown lizards soaking up the sun, winter hills beginning to turn gr

white stone walls, the distant scent of the Dead Sea, the purple aks of the mountains of Moab.

Much of the Christmas Eve pageant in Bethlehem is confusing. Deending which calendar one uses, re are three celebrations—the West- Christmas, the Greek Christmas, l the Armenian Christmas. These on December 25, January 7, and uary 17.

If you are fortunate enough to nd a Christmas in Bethlehem, the ious events may first seem disconting—even something as simple as arol sing. In Bethlehem, a 15-min- drive from Jerusalem, there are to be a dozen of them. They take ce at various monasteries and conts, and for that matter, even at ee different "Shepherds Fields."

Despite all the hawkers and stands, thlehem's Manger Square sets a od mood for Christmas, even if it a Middle East kind of Christmas. nen the bells call forth their good ngs, when the crowd lights up tapers, when the hillsides all round st aflame, there's a kind of conious enthusiasm.

This may not be real faith, in the ctest sense, but it *is* at least a start. er, in the quiet of one's own mber, the honest pilgrim can't help ect on the birth of his Savior and worship of the shepherds.

Even the street urchins know someng of Christmas. Out in the square, the rest of the milling crowd, I e stopped for a cake and a mutton dwich. It was perhaps one in the ning. A dirty-faced youngster who ld scarcely have been four begged bakshe esh.

Even on Christmas Eve I tried to ore him. Once the tourist weakens dispenses even one coin a whole y of little beggars comes on the But tonight the teenager who was ng sandwiches interrupted.

Give him a few *fils*, Mister," he d. "It's worth it. Watch!"

I did. The little beggar beamed, ered the coins, and trotted across square. I heard them clink in the box outside the church. He ran , bowing low and chattering exlly in Arabic.

He wishes you a Blessed Christ- Mister," the teenager translated. at he's a Wise Man and you're a e Man, and you've just both ght a gift to the Christ Child."

Mr. Kleinhans is a Missouri Synod pas- serving as an Air Force chaplain.

Frankincense... from page 10

Hubert for the boys he ran around with, and through the mail came presents in return, some of which sloshed suspiciously when the parcels were shaken. Erika remembered at least 20 Hill families it was respectable to remember, and from them she received gifts that proved her acceptance.

Gunnar watched the gaudy pile grow day by day. It was only on the night before Christmas that he laid down his own small envelopes, and then he tucked them behind a giant ragmop doll Marilyn had bestowed upon herself. Even so, Hubert found the envelopes and called them to the attention of his mother and Marilyn. Erika only pursed her lips.

As for Gunnar, he fumbled about the town more than he ever had before. He had a time with Lottie Travers—she didn't want to accept anything from him, but when she began to cry, he knew she wouldn't refuse his gift. There were baskets of groceries and toys to carry, and in the end Gunnar took out a station wagon and got a couple of the boys from the agency to help him. They all enjoyed themselves tremendously, but it was a cold and weary job, and Gunnar was dog-tired when he finally came home well after 10 on Christmas Eve. Erika was the only one in the house, and she was peevish because she had been left alone. Gunnar ignored her complaints, went out to the kitchen to fix himself some oyster stew, and then climbed straight to bed.

He was first up the next morning, at 6:30 as usual. Looking down from the Hill, he could see that the town was white with hoarfrost, above which ropes of smoke from a thousand chimneys laced the sky tight. Gunnar imagined what was going on in the homes under those chimneys. Jubilation—and sorrow. As usual, there would be some kids missed. Neither Santa Claus nor the three Wise Men ever knew the addresses of all the needy people in any town.

Erika came down at nine, sulkily, but Marilyn and Hubert slept until well after 11, and when they did appear it was plain that they both had hangovers. Hubert tried to cure his by repeated use of the silver flask he had tucked into his robe, but Marilyn called out to Minnie Petersen to fix her an egg and bacon.

Now they were all together around the tree, the fire burning bright, and it was time for the paper avalanche. As usual, Hubert was master of ceremonies—he sat on the floor and indifferently tossed packages toward the armchairs. Each of them made a pile of his loot, a Gargantuan pile. Gunnar's was much the smallest. Hubert had given him the customary box of cigars, and Marilyn had found a pair of expensive brushes for his nearly bald pate. Erika's gift was a red velvet smoking jacket that would hang in his wardrobe until the moths riddled it.

Under the tree were left now only Gunnar's own envelopes, and Hubert licked his lips in anticipation. He held the gifts only tentatively towards Erika and Marilyn.

"Make a guess," he teased them. "What would you say, three thousand? Four thousand? I'll bet you 10 dollars I can come closer than either of you."

"Oh, give it to me, you egg!" Marilyn demanded. "You don't have to act like it's your present you're passing out."

Hubert waited to watch her reaction, and her reaction when she tore open the envelope was outraged incredulity. "My God!" she gasped. "The dumb fool!"

With that, Erika became apprehensive and tore open her envelope. She began to cry, softly at first, and then vehemently. "I think you better see a doctor, Gunnar-Carlson," she finally managed to wail. "If you're not crazy already, you're going crazy fast."

It was Hubert's turn, and he read his father's words unbelievingly. "Merry Christmas," said the card. And then, in one tragic sentence, "As your gift I have sent Lottie Travers a check for $2,500. May God bless you."

Hubert's face went red, then black. "Just another Wise Man," he muttered bitterly. "Just another stupid fool who thinks that he's a Wise Man!"

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Bethlehem in North Hollywood

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Using every technique of effective staging, nine technicians direct the activities of 60 authentically garbed members of the cast and eight animals. From a radio control tower built behind bleachers seating 800 spectators, a director (Tom Bond of KTTV) issues orders to three backstage set directors with headphones, four operators on the 20-kilowatt floodlights and spots, and a sound director. He cues the entire operation to split second timing with the previously taped script, written by the pastor's wife, Margaret Wold.

Interesting backstage features are the separate corrals built for Bernadette (the donkey), the four horses and three sheep; the "cowboy" who comes nightly to stay with them; and the tension produced at each performance when Bernadette decides to balk on her midnight entry into the sleeping city!

This $35,000 production is made possible by gifts and purchases of complete sets and other material from various TV and movie studios, prop companies, and costume rental agencies. Recently, 3,000 square feet of sets and props were donated by the Jimmy Durante show. Professional technicians donate time to operate the equipment, paint sets, install wiring, and make costumes. Most of these are members of the congregation. Since no charge at all is made for the performances, which are given as a Christmas gift to the community, at least nine television shows give free publicity. This year an expected audience of 6,000 persons will attend the seven pre-Christmas performances at Emmanuel.

Roman soldiers appear on the set depicting a Palestine town.

pper Midwest... from page 15

ft was handed to Dr. Casper Ner-g, chairman of the Home's board of rectors, on Nov. 7.

bituaries

Dr. A. L. Burman, 78, pastor of St. ark's Church, Toledo, Ohio, for 40 ars, died Nov. 15. A native of oodville, Ohio, Pastor Burman rved parishes at Kingsway, Ohio; shen, Ind.; and St. Mark's. He had ld office twice as vice president of e former ALC's Michigan District; was a former member of the Board Publication of the ALC; and a for-er president and treasurer of the utheran Chautauqua at Lakeside, hio. He served as manager-coach of e first basketball team of Capital niversity, Columbus, Ohio; and in er years served as a member of the ard of Regents of that school.

The Rev. Lars A. Haatvedt, 89, d in Decorah, Iowa on Nov. 23. served parishes in Lakota, Grand rks, Hillsboro, and Michigan, N.D.; d in Callender, Iowa. For several ars he was president of Grand rks College, Grand Forks, N.D.

The Rev. John August Grueber, 87, native of Schwalingen, Germany, d Nov. 9 in Wichita, Kan. He ved parishes in Peoria, Ill.; Athol-ylord, Kan.; Tripp, S.D.; Hering-n, Kan.; Hudson, Iowa; and Desh-, Neb. He retired in 1937.

The Rev. Fred W. Cesler, Monroe, ch., died Oct. 16 after less than a ur of retirement. He served pastor-s at Detroit, Mich. and Dundee, ch.

The Rev. E. R. Andersen, 82, Ra-e, Wis., died Nov. 21. Born in go, Neb., Pastor Andersen served gregations at Superior, Wis.; Far-N.D.; and Mt. Horeb, Wis. He taught at St. Luke's School for rses, Fargo, N.D., and Concordia llege, Moorhead, Minn. In addi-n he served as a hospital chaplain the Lutheran Welfare Society of sconsin.

Mrs. Walter E. Schuette, Sr., wife the first full-time president of the tern District, ALC, died Oct. 19 Sewickley, Pa., at the age of 92.

Mrs. Ida C. Huehn, wife of the . Jacob J. Huehn, Buffalo, N.Y., June 25 in Buffalo.

The Rev. Ervin F. Bondo, pastor of Savior's Church, Racine, Wis., Nov. 14 of a heart attack. He served congregations in Oregon, Wis.; Brooklyn, Wis.; for the NLC Division of American Missions, Willow Run, Mich.; Des Moines, Iowa; and Racine, Wis. He was a former editor of the youth section of the *Ansgar Lutheran;* former member of the American Lutheran Conference Youth Commission; served both as secretary and chairman of the UELC Board of Education; a member of the Division of College and University Work of the NLC; and a member of the Board of Regents of Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. He had also served as chaplain at the Iowa Training School for Girls, Mitchellville, Iowa. He was a native of Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Call for Nominations

Nominations are being received for the presidency of Augustana Academy, Canton, S.D. Members of congregations belonging to the Augustana Academy Association are eligible to make nominations. Names of suggested candidates should be sent to Mr. Lincoln Twedt, chairman of the Board of Regents, Elk Point, S.D., not later than Jan. 2, 1962.

Anniversaries

65th—St. John, Akron, N.Y.
70th—Trinity, Pottsville, Tex.
75th—St. John, Eustis, Neb.

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Changes of Address

Arlin H. Adams (military chaplain), from Janesville, Wis., to Hqs. 32nd Div. Transport, Fort Lewis, Wash.

H. Leonard Andersen, from Berea, Ohio, to 26 S. Eau Claire Ave., Madison 5, Wis. (Advent).

Louis O. Becker (missionary), from Caixa Postal 19083 to Caixa Postal 11166, Bairro Pinheiros, Sao Paulo, E.S.P., Brazil.

Walter A. Behrens, from Traer, Iowa, to Milford, Iowa (First).

Carl E. Braaten (faculty, Chicago Luth. Sem.), from Minneapolis, Minn., to 1618 S. 11th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

Durwood L. Buchheim, from Scotland to 605 W. 4th St., Waterloo, Iowa (Trinity).

Richard J. Bunge, from 2040 8th Ave. to 1800 21st Ave., Greeley, Colo.

Donald E. Butenshon (military chaplain), from Cheney, Wash., to Navy Chaplain School, Bldg. 117, Newport, R.I.

Verner N. Carlsen, from 11341 Miller Rd. to 14776 Natake Dr., Whittier, Calif.

Robert M. Corl Jr., from Oakland, Calif., to 1929 Huxley St., Madison 4, Wis.

John D. Deines, from 4327 N. Hancock St. to 1516 Northlawn, Davenport, Iowa.

Leonard A. Domke, from Tigerton, Wis., to 513 Madison St., Oconto, Wis. (First American).

Robert A. Eibling, from Hickory, N.C., to 3450 S.W. 18th St., Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Abiding Savior).

Kenneth L. Ellingson (Luth. Ev. Movement), from Newark, Ill., to 4053 12th Ave. S., Minneapolis 7, Minn.

Arland Fiske, from New Rockford, N.D., to 407 Fairview Ave., Webster Groves, St. Louis 19, Mo. (Bethany).

Luther Flugstad (missionary), from L'Hospital Protestant, Ngaoundere, to Mission Evangelique Lutherienne, Poli par Garoua, Cameroun, Africa.

Daniel H. Fredrick (military chaplain), from Turner AFB, Ga., to Rte. 4, Box 618-A, Albany, Ga.

G. Gabrielsen, from Fertile, Minn., to Bigfork, Minn. (Bigfork, Effie, and Jessie Lake).

Leon C. Gilbertson, from Lloydminster, Sask., to McLaughlin, Alta.

Richard V. Gilbertson (newly ordained, Zion Soc. for Israel), 245 Stewart Ave., Bethpage, L.I., N.Y.

Elwyn D. Goodsell, from Joliet, Ill., to 225 E. Bluff St., Marseilles, Ill. (Immanuel).

Rodney G. Grubb, from Moorhead, Minn., to 8900 Stanlen Rd., Minneapolis 26, Minn.

Arnold H. Grueber, from Dayton, Ohio, to 934 Kenosha, Kettering 29, Ohio.

Gerald M. Gundersen (military chaplain), from Camp Drum, N.Y., to 20th Engineer Bn. (C), Fort Devens, Mass.

Carl J. Hanson, from Paynesville, Minn., to 402 Wendell St., Paynesville, Minn.

Russell T. Hendrickson (military chaplain), from Fort Slocum, N.Y., to 2nd B.G., 4th Inf., APO 139, New York, N.Y.

E. A. Henrichs, from Streator, Ill., to 503 8th Ave., Rock Falls, Ill. (Immanuel).

Mishael E. Hernandez, from Princeton, Minn., to 205 N. Ojai St., Santa Paula, Calif.

Julius K. Hougaard, from 704 Centre St. S. to 224 13th Ave. S.E., Calgary, Alta.

Fred Jacobsen, from 905 Frank Ave. to South Shore Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.

Arvild T. Jacobson (missionary), from Ambovombe, to Antanimora (Sud), Malagasy Republic

C. Richard Johnson (assoc. pastor), from Spring Grove, Minn., to 821 Oxford Ave., Eau Claire, Wis. (Grace).

John L. Johnson (missionary), from Ecuador to Guckeen, Minn.

Rodger S. Jordahl, from Minneapolis, Minn., to 31 Eichachstrasse, Dusslingen (Württ), Germany.

William D. King, from 322 22nd Place to 322 22nd Place, Clinton, Iowa.

Lester Larson, from Kenyon, Minn., to 164 Nevada St., Dubuque, Iowa. (St. Matthew).

Theo. Lerud (interim pastor), from Osakis, Minn. to Elma, Iowa, (St. Paul).

Roger O. Livdahl (newly ordained), Mekinock, N.D. (St. Paul, Trinity, Middle Grove, and Ness).

Herbert G. Loddigs, from 3934 Scott Ave. N. to 6125 Olson Hwy., Minneapolis 22, Minn.

Leo G. Moench (military chaplain), from Bellington, Wis., to 2nd B.G., 128 Inf., 32 Div., Fort Lewis, Wash.

Hermann Mueller (missionary), from Colombia, S. America, to Casilla de Correo 77, Eldorado, Km. 8, Prov. de Misiones, Argentina.

Chester C. Nerenhausen, from Houston, Tex., to Washington Island, Wis. (Trinity).

Joseph B. Nesheim, from Sumner, Iowa, to R. 1, Sumner, Iowa.

Luther M. Nielsen (military chaplain), from A/ New York, to Hq. 1400th Support Sqd., Box 2 Navy 568, FPO New York, N.Y.

G. B. Odegaard, from Northfield, Minn., to Appleton, Minn. (Zion).

L. J. Odland (retired), from Hills, Minn., to c/o Ben Odland, 12446 S. Atlantic Ave., Compton, Calif.

Hennnig Olsen (clinical training), from Minot, N.D., to Ontario Hospital, Hamilton, Ont.

Donald J. Ostroot (military chaplain), from 94 Medical Co. to Fifth Training Regiment, F Carson, Colo.

Ernest W. Philippi, from Lincoln, Neb., to 4 Sioux Dr., Boulder, Colo. (Atonement).

Leon Philippi (missionary), from New Guinea to c/o Presbyterian Mission Flats, 7 Knox St., A field, N.S.W., Australia.

Walter L. Priebe, from 261 Center St. to Center St., Bryan, Ohio.

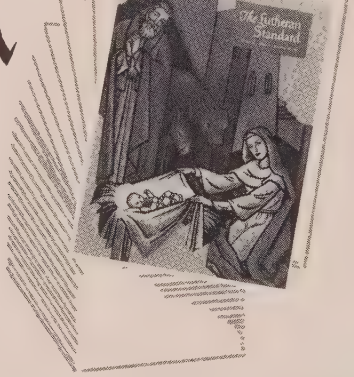
Quentin G. Quanbeck, from Sharon, N.D., to Randall, Iowa (Elim and Bethel).

David A. Quarberg (newly ordained), 667 E. Ave., Chico, Calif. (Faith).

Howard F. Rand, from 2123 Redthorne Rd., Rte. 15, Box 14, Red Rose Farm Rd., Baltimore 20, Md.

C. P. Rasmussen (dir., Luth. Retire. Home), fr 11510 S.W. 28th Ave. to 7910 Ashworth Ave. Seattle 3, Wash.

Haldon J. Robarge, from Main St. and M Ave. to 83 Norwood, Norwalk, Ohio.



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Announcement

The following nominations have been received for the presidency of Camrose Lutheran College:

Mr. George Barber, Calgary, Alta.
Dr. Mars A. Dale, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. S. C. Eastvold, Parkland, Wash.
The Rev. Arnold B. H. Hagen, Vancouver, B.C.
The Rev. Edward T. Hedlin, Maywood,
Dr. S. Theodore Jacobson, Torquay, S
The Rev. Lawrence Likness, Edmonton, Alta.
Mr. Gulbrand (Bert) Loken, Camrose, Alta.
Mr. Harold Melsness, Edmonton, Alta.
Mr. George Moi, New Westminster, B
Mr. Luther S. Olson, Camrose, Alta.
The Rev. William Riekert, Regina, Sask.
Dr. Harold Ronning, Pasadena, Calif.
The Rev. Carrol Satre, Minneapolis, M

L. S. Olson, Chairman
Board of Regents
Camrose Lutheran College
Camrose, Alberta, Canada

Gordon Ruud (missionary), from Minneapolis, Minn., to B.P. 49, Antsirabe, Malagasy Republic.

Roger U. Schlaefer (newly ordained), Tower City, N.D. (Buffalo and St. Paul).

Rev. Edward Schmidt, from 400 S. Monroe St. to 122 S. Jefferson St., Hartford City, Ind.

Gordon Selbo, from 5196 Carter Ave. to 5198 Carter Ave., San Jose 24, Calif.

Edwin O. Silrum, from Badger, Minn., to Storden, Minn. (Amo and Bethany).

Sterling H. Simonson, from 305 Chicago Ave. N. to 1301 W. 38th, Sioux Falls, S.D.

Joseph E. Souser, from Sebastopol, Calif., to Box 176, Cotati, Calif.

Ernst F. Staehling, from Sheboygan, Wis., to 802 12th Ave., Menomonie, Wis. (Peace).

D. Gordon Tang (missionary), from 106 Asahi Machi, Toyohashi City, to 246-2 Aza Kitashinkiri, Nakashi Cho, Toyohashi shi, Aichi Ken, Japan.

Claude E. Tejan, from Titusville, Fla., to 31 Royal Palm Court, Indian River City, Fla.

Roy M. Tribe (newly ordained, hospital chaplain), 2020 Park Side Dr., Apt. 23, Des Plaines, Ill.

James P. Ullom, from Mazomanie, Wis., to 2427 Church St., Cross Plains, Wis. (St. Martin).

Ryan Vallem (asst. pastor), from Stoughton, Wis., to Box 93, Stoughton, Wis. (Our Savior, Milw.)

Eric F. Weisberg, from Togo, Sask., to Box 232, Wapella, Sask. (St. John and Christ).

G. H. Williams, from Great Falls, Mont., to 4203 Glavelle Dr., Minneapolis 24, Minn. (Church of the Master).

Arthur V. Wood (military chaplain), from APO, New York, to Headquarters, 3rd ARB, 51st Inf., APO 28, New York, N.Y.

Carl G. Zehner, from 131 E. Mound St. to Box 308, Circleville, Ohio.

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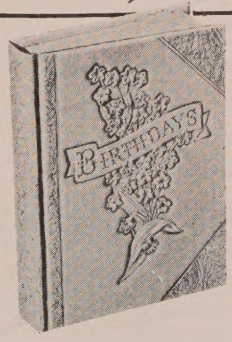

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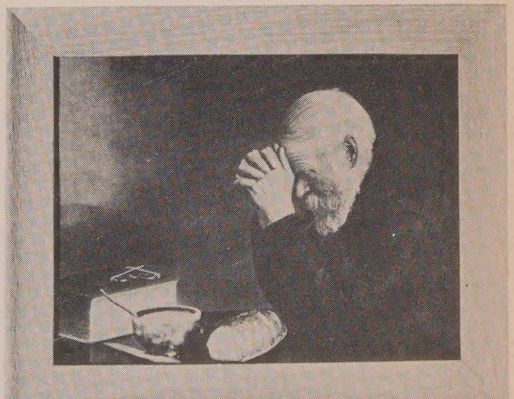

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Family Size... By Phelva Hetland

Meaningful Christmas

A great while before day—
Soft shuffling in the hallway—
Children's voices, "Silent Night,"
Swelling louder, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear,"
To a triumphant climax—
"Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!"
and the anti-climax — "Jingle Bells"
with laughter and real bells — It's Christmas Day in the Morning!

Most of us have some particularly precious association with Christmas. We asked two young mothers, "How do you manage to make Christmas meaningful to your children?" Their answers follow.

Mrs. Lutterman is the wife of a college professor, and Mrs. Knutson is the wife of a missionary.

How can we communicate the meaning of Christmas to pre-schoolers? This fall when we asked our four-year-old Ted what Christmas meant, he replied, "Santa Claus!" Then he added, "The Baby Jesus and 'sheeps' at the Ole Store" (a lovely outdoor nativity scene with live animals). This reminded his five-year-old brother John of something else. "When can we put our calendar in the window again?"

The boys love to open the windows of our Advent calendar and excitedly repeat all the verses each morning. We were startled one day to hear John "read," "Behold, the Lamb of God, hand made by the Lord!" and we again realized the difficulty of children understanding the mysteries of Christmas.

"When is Jesus' birthday coming? Can we have a birthday cake with candles for him again this year? Can we give him birthday presents? Where is Jesus? Can we see him?"

"No, he lived 2,000 years ago."

"Did you know him when he was a baby, Mommy? . . . Where is he now?"

"Jesus is in us and in everyone. That is God's wonderful Christmas present to us, that he sent his Son Jesus to live with us. That is why we give presents to each other and to everyone, to thank God for his wonderful gift and to celebrate Jesus' birthday. We cannot give gifts directly to Jesus, but he has told us that whenever we do things for others we do them for him."

We now have a favorite bedtime discussion about whom we can give gifts for Jesus' birthday. Ted remembered buying mittens to "give to Jesus" at the Sunday school Christmas program last year (to be sent to Lutheran World Relief). The boys became particularly excited about ways of helping the needy children of the world.

"We could invite them to come and stay with us . . . Or we could send them some money from Grandpa's bank!"

So we have decided that Christmas is like a big and wonderful birthday party for Jesus. We will have a cake with candles for him and sing "Happy Birthday" to him, and we will give gifts to each other and to some needy children.

MRS. KENNETH LUTTERMAN

Six Christmases in South Africa have not been extraordinary experiences in a "foreign land" for our three children. To them it is home. And there, as in any place of the world, Christian parents endeavor to make Christmas meaningful, rather than merely exciting, for little ones all too eager to think only of themselves at that time.

Preparations for Christmas in our home began in October, for it was then that we bought gifts for our loved ones in America (no last-minute shopping rush for us!) and sent cards and letters overseas. Next we collected large cardboard boxes from the store, arranged them in a circle around our dining room, and began filling them with "mission barrel" clothes from America, our children often putting in some of their own outgrown clothes or toys for a special friend.

Finally some 25 boxes were filled and tied up, awaiting delivery to the native church workers' families in our area. This performance every year held a special attraction for our children and they experienced that Christmas is not only receiving, but giving and thinking of others.

Decorations followed . . . first the Advent wreath, later the pine cone gathered from our front yard and given a coat of "snow" with white shoe polish, and the long-needled pine tree that the children and their daddy chose and sawed down. Invariably the tree needed an extra branch or two tied on somewhere to camouflage a spot Nature had forgotten, and the older children perched themselves on chairs to decorate the top 2/3 of the tree.

On Christmas Eve afternoon our family squeezed itself onto the already tightly-packed wooden benches of the school building for the Zulu children's Christmas program. The day would be hot, the program would be long, but attentions of beaming children and proud parents were not dimmed as they listened to songs and recitations. After marching around the Christmas tree (gaily decorated with old greeting cards) the little newspaper-wrapped gifts of soap, comb and candy were distributed, our children always being included. The Zulus, too, remember others at Christmas.

At home, after a festive dinner by candlelight, we sang the hymns we had been teaching the children and read Luke 2 and then opened the gifts from friends far and near.

Christmas Day we never spent together as a family, because then our pastor daddy went to tell others of the Christmas story (holding services in some out-station congregation, a all-day trip for him) and we attended the local Zulu services.

Some of the efforts to make Christmas significant to our children have been consciously communicated; others perhaps indirectly conveyed as we participated together as a family in the activities on the mission station and at home. If it has one theme, it is this—God's giving to us and our giving to others.

MRS. JAMES KNUTSON

The Song of Simeon

WE ALWAYS think of Simeon as a very old man, ready to die, don't we? Well, we can't be too sure about that. We know that Anna, the prophetess, was 84 (Lk. 2:37) but Luke does not tell us how old Simeon was.

True, Luke records that the Holy Spirit had assured Simeon that "he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ" (v. 26). And when Simeon sang his post-Christmas song he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," which we usually interpret as meaning, "Lord, I am now ready to depart this life in peace."

But The New English Bible translates: "This day, Master, thou givest thy servant his discharge in peace; now thy promise is fulfilled." And there are those who think that this "discharge in peace" is a discharge from the sentinel duty of waiting for the coming of the Messiah.

To be sure, this would mean that he is also ready for the final discharge from life here to abundant life with God. So it makes little difference whether Simeon was 60 or 90 and whether he died that very day or 10 years later.

A Man Prepared for Salvation

Study the brief record about Simeon (Lk. 2:25-27) and you see a beautiful picture of a man whom God prepared for the salvation that came to earth with the birth of Christ. And you will also find the clue to how God prepares men for salvation.

The Holy Spirit was upon Simeon. There, in six words, is the clue. Undoubtedly, Simeon meditated much on the Word of God, through which the Holy Spirit acts upon the human mind and heart and will. Because of the working of the Spirit Simeon became a righteous and devout man (v. 25), who looked for "the consolation of Israel" promised by the inspired prophets.

And Simeon must have been a man of prayer. For when Luke writes, "It had been revealed to him by the Holy Spirit that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ," the language implies, in the Greek, that this special revelation was an answer to special petition on Simeon's part.

The Word, through which God speaks to us; prayer, through which we speak to God; the house of God, where God dwells in a special way: these are the spiritual agencies through which the Holy Spirit prepares men for their great salvation.

Salvation Prepared for Men

This story of Simeon and his song also tells us something important about how God has prepared salvation for men.

One cannot read the account of Simeon entering the Temple at the very time when Joseph and Mary brought Jesus there to present him to the Lord and to redeem him as the first-born without having one's imagination deeply stirred. For we see how the prayers of a devout soul are answered in a dramatic way, and how the longing of a lifetime is fulfilled. Little wonder that Simeon was moved to express his gratitude in sacred poetry!

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace,
according to thy word;
for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

When one sees Christ, when one makes Christ his own—as did Simeon when he picked up the Child in his arms—then one has seen and possesses God's salvation. God prepared salvation by preparing, from all eternity, to send his son as the Savior of the world. Salvation from sin, death, and the power of the devil centers in Jesus Christ.

And the salvation which Christ brought to earth is a complete salvation—sufficient for all the needs of men. Having seen the Christ Child and made Him his own, Simeon was joyful and content. He could now say what Paul later said, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

There is, of course, one more important glory about the salvation which God has prepared for men to which Simeon calls attention:

"For mine eyes have seen thy salvation
which thou hast prepared in the presence of all peoples,
a light for revelation to the Gentiles,
and for glory to thy people Israel."

Simeon rejoices that God's great salvation is world-wide in its scope. It has been prepared in the presence of all *peoples* (this is the correct translation), not simply for the chosen people. To make that fact doubly plain Simeon divides all peoples into two great groups: the Gentiles, to whom God's salvation is a light; the Jews, to whom it is glory.

Hence the song of Simeon is both a Christmas hymn and an Epiphany or missionary hymn. This fine old saint is quite unselfish in his new-found joy. He wants everybody to share it.—How about your Christmas joy? Are you hoarding it? Or spreading it?

GETTING READY FOR SUNDAY MORNING

The New Testament lessons for the Fourth Sunday in Advent, Dec. 24, are:

EPISTLE: Phil. 4:4-7.
GOSPEL: John 1:19-28.

THEME: Christ himself prepares us for his coming, according to today's lessons. The Christian rejoices "in" the Lord, who is "at hand." Realizing Christ's presence brings joy, forbearance, and freedom from anxiety. In the Gospel John the Baptist testifies to his own inferiority and seeks to lead his hearers to Christ.

THE COLLECT: Stir up, O Lord, we beseech thee, thy power, and come, and with great might succor us, that by the help of thy grace whatsoever is hindered by our sins may be speedily accomplished through thy mercy and satisfaction; who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

The New Testament lessons for the Sunday after Christmas, Dec. 31, are:

EPISTLE: Gal. 4:1-7.
GOSPEL: Luke 2:33-40.

THEME: On Christmas Day we heard of Christ's deity: on this Sunday we hear of his humanity. The Epistle reveals that he was "born under the law" and that he came to redeem "those . . . under the law." The Gospel shows the observance of "everything according to the law of the Lord," and points out the favor of the Father upon the obedient Jesus.

THE COLLECT: Almighty and everlasting God, direct our actions according to thy good pleasure, that in the Name of thy beloved Son, we may be made to abound in good works; through the same thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

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